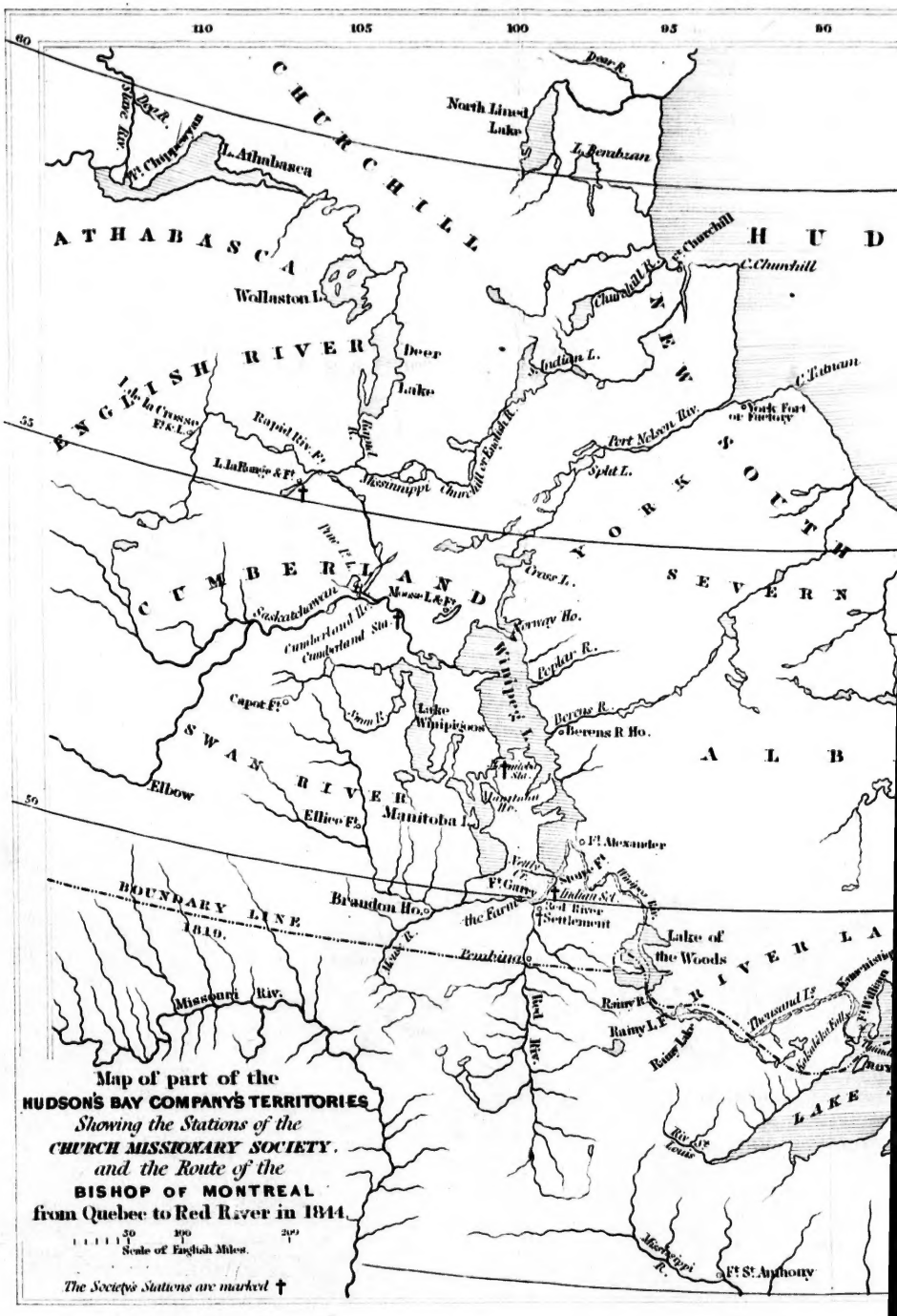
From A. Lockett

to E. Clarke with her
best wishes — Nov 29 1851

THE

RAINBOW IN THE NORTH.

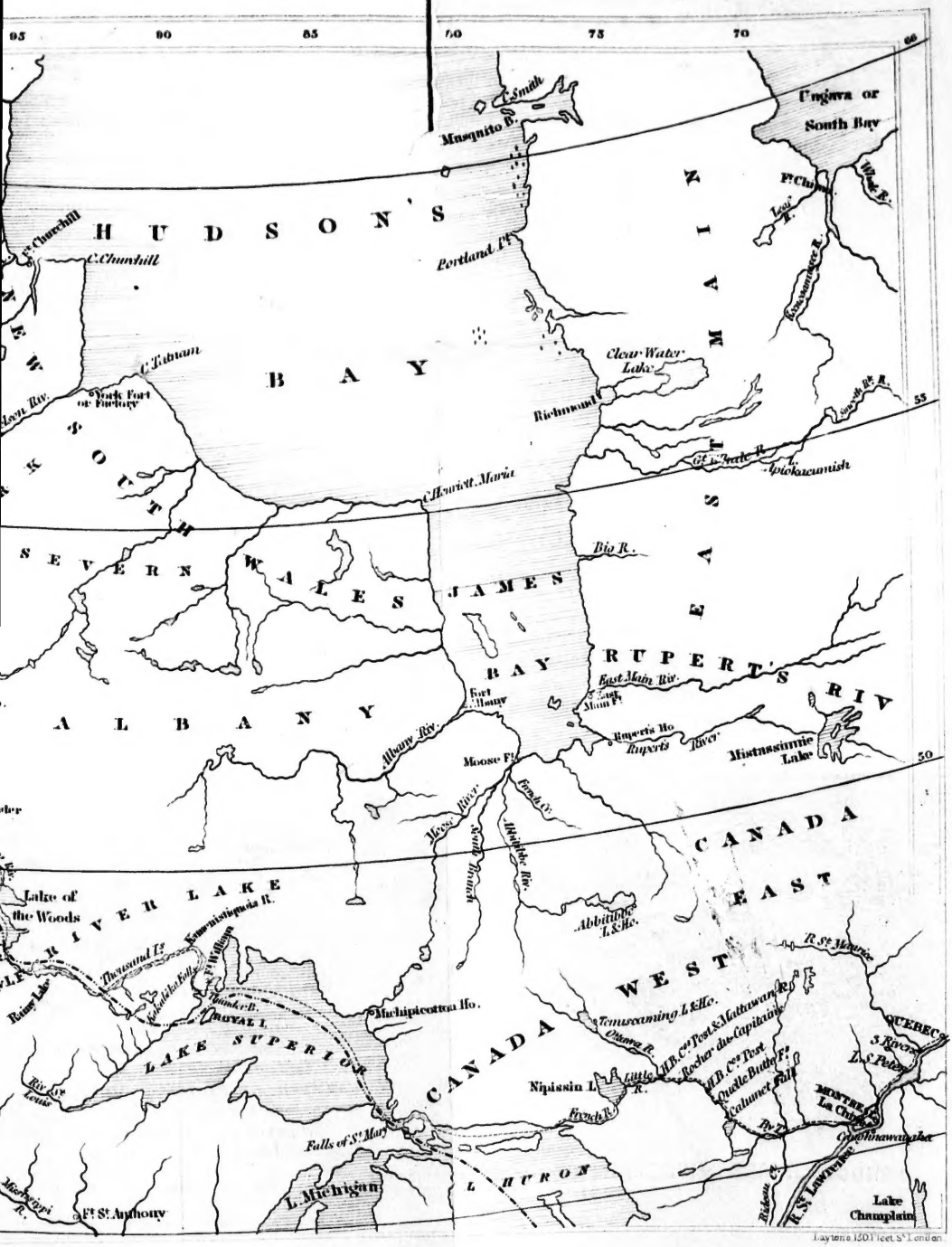
LONDON:
Printed by G. Barclay, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

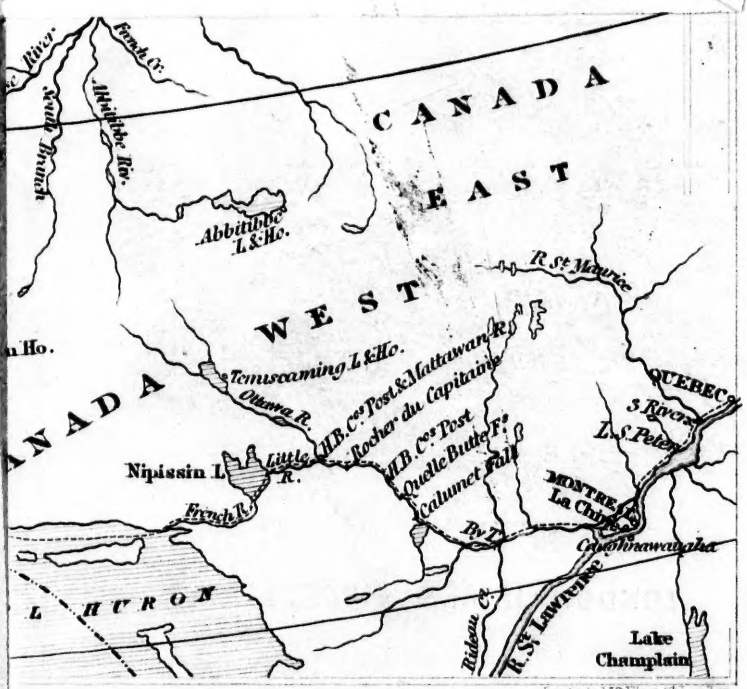


Map of part of the
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TERRITORIES
Showing the Stations of the
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.
and the Route of the
BISHOP OF MONTREAL
from Quebec to Red River in 1844.

Scale of English Miles.

The Society's Stations are marked †


95
90
85
80
75
70
65
Masquito B.
Smith
Ungava or South Bay
Ft Churchill
C. Churchill
HUDSON'S BAY
Portland Pt
Richmond
Clear Water Lake
C. Tatnam
York Fort or Factory
C. Henriett Maria
Big R.
SEVERN
WALES
JAMES BAY
EAST MAIN
RUPERT'S RIV
ALBANY
Albany Riv.
Moose Ft
Rupert's River
Mistassinnie Lake
55
50
Lake of the Woods
RIVER LAKE
Kaministiquia R.
Thousand Is
Pt William
Thunder B.
Michipicotten Ho.
LAKE SUPERIOR
CANADA WEST
CANADA EAST
Abbitibbe L. & R.
Temiscaming L. & R.
Ottawa R.
H.B.Co. Post & Mathawan R.
Rocher du Capitaine
H.B.Co. Post
Petite Butte Fs
Calumet Fall
Nipissin L.
Little R.
French R.
Falls of St Mary
L. Michigan
L. HURON
Ft St Anthony
Lake Champlain
Quinze R.
Ottawa R.
Rideau Cr.
R. St Lawrence
Montreal
Quebec
St Peters
Layton & Co. Fleet St. London.



Taylor & Walton, 28 & 30 Upper Gower Street, London.

THE RAINBOW IN THE NORTH

LONDON JAMES NISBET AND CO

THE

Rainbow in the North:

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE

FIRST ESTABLISHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY IN RUPERT'S LAND

BY THE

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

By S. TUCKER,

AUTHOR OF "SOUTH INDIAN SKETCHES."

LONDON:

JAMES NISBET AND CO. 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LI.

136253

Tucker, S.

PREFACE.

THIS little volume was undertaken from the twofold conviction that, while the interest felt in Missionary work must very much depend on a knowledge of its details, the length of time that has elapsed since the commencement of many of our Missions renders their early history almost inaccessible to general readers.

It is now sent out to bear, however feebly, another testimony to the power, love, and faithfulness of our God, and "to the praise of the glory of His grace who hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

And the writer will have abundant cause for gratitude if it shall please Him to bless it, in any degree, to the stirring up of the lukewarm, to the encouragement of the faint-hearted, or to the increased thankfulness of the long-tried friends of Missions.

Hampstead, April 1851.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

RUPERT'S LAND AND ITS INHABITANTS 3

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY 19

CHAPTER III.

FLOOD AND FAMINE 35

CHAPTER IV.

THE GRAND RAPIDS 51

CHAPTER V.

THE INDIAN SCHOOL AND MISSIONARY TRIALS . . . 67

CHAPTER VI.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE 83

CHAPTER VII.

INDIAN VILLAGE *continued*—PIGWYS 99

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE
Indian Village—Rapids—Burning of Prairies . . 115

CHAPTER IX.

Threatened Reduction of Missions—Visit of the Bishop of Montreal—Departure of the Rev. W. Cockran 131

CHAPTER X.

Cumberland Station 147

CHAPTER XI.

Lac la Ronge—Moose Lake—Manitoba Lake . . 163

CHAPTER XII.

Arrival of the Bishop of Rupert's Land . . . 177

CHAPTER XIII.

Rev. R. and Mrs. Hunt—Summary of the Missions—Ordination of the Rev. H. Budd 193

APPENDIX.

Extracts of Letters from Mr. and Mrs. Hunt . . 211

PAGE
115

. 131

. 147

. 163

. 177

. 193

. 211

Chiefs in the Interior of North-west America.

Chiefs in the Interior of North-west America.

The Rainbow in the North.

CHAPTER I.

RUPERT'S LAND AND ITS INHABITANTS.

"Without hope and without God in the world."—*Eph.* ii. 12.

WHO is there among us that has not watched with interest the evening rainbow, when, after a black and stormy day, the setting sun gleams out and paints the distant shower with tints of varied light? Swiftly and silently the bright vision steals across the sky, till the bow of heaven stands out complete in all its radiant loveliness; making, it is true, the surrounding gloom appear still more gloomy, but giving promise of fairer and brighter days to come.

Surely there can scarcely be a more fitting emblem of missionary work in a heathen land. When the first missionaries begin their course, all is dark and cheerless, and for a time every step they take serves only to make the darkness appear more impenetrable and the prospect more discouraging.

But in His own good time, the Sun of Righteousness shines forth, His quickening rays touch the dark mass of heathenism, and light and beauty gradually appear.

He owns the persevering labours of His faithful servants, a little band of sincere believers stand out more and more distinct from the heathen round them; and faith rejoices in the earnest of that glorious day when nations shall walk in the light of the New Jerusalem.

To no mission, perhaps, can this emblem be more truly applied than to that among the North American Indians: no people were ever enveloped in a thicker darkness, and in no spot has the light been reflected in more vivid hues. And though the colours must lose much of their brilliancy and beauty while being transferred from the original journals to the present pages, yet we hope that this attempt to trace the progress of heavenly light may lead our minds more deeply to consider the degradation of man in his unconverted state, and to magnify the power of the grace of God.

Every missionary field presents, of course, its own peculiar features, and requires, in some respects, its own peculiar cultivation; but the mission we are now considering is, in many ways, so very different from any other, that, in order to understand its special difficulties and encouragements, we must enter somewhat at large into the previous state of the country.

An impenetrable mystery still hangs over the early history of all the nations of America: *when* that vast continent was first peopled, *how*, or from *whence* its first inhabitants reached it from the older countries, are matters of only vague conjecture.

With regard to the northern part, we only know that when first visited by European adventurers, it was found to be peopled, by nations of wild uncivilised men, who from the copper colour of their skin received the appellation of Red Indians.

As fresh bands of settlers from Europe arrived from time to time, these rightful owners of the soil began to melt away before the white man; and though even now a few diminished tribes remain scattered here and there in Canada and the United States,* yet many other tribes became extinct, and the mass of the people were gradually driven back into the immense tract of country on the north and north-west of the white man's settlements.

Here they still remain, roaming free and uncontrolled, but enduring all the miseries and privations inseparable from a state of barbarism. They are divided into tribes, each with its respective chief, and each, as it would seem, with a wide range of country, considered as its own, for hunting or for fishing; and are again subdivided into smaller bands under the guidance of inferior chiefs.

On the east of the Rocky Mountains they have neither town, nor village, nor farm, nor field. Seed-time and harvest are unknown to them, nor have they even, like the Bedouins of the Eastern deserts, flocks or herds to supply their wants.

They live by hunting, shooting, and fishing; and their food varies, both in kind and quantity, according to their success. Sometimes the flesh of the buffalo or the deer furnishes them with abundance; sometimes a flight of partridges or a flock of wild geese supplies their wants; and at others they find support from the lakes and rivers. Very often they are for days together without any food but the berries they may chance to

* It was among these that those devoted men, Elliott and Brainerd, laboured, and were blessed in their labours.

meet with in the woods; and there is many a fearful tale on record of children and friends having been sacrificed to appease the hunger of their parents or companions.

This great uncertainty, however, in their supplies arises very much from their deeply-rooted habits of improvidence; the present moment is all that an Indian thinks of; the memory of past suffering or dread of the future never seems to occur to his mind. When he has plenty, he eats to excess, lies down and sleeps, or sits and smokes his pipe, till the cravings of hunger drive him again to the plains, or woods, or rivers.*

They are a singularly wandering race, and their habitations are suited to their habits. Notwithstanding the severity of their winters—far beyond anything we can realise in England—they have no other shelter than a miserable tent, or wigwam, made by driving a few poles into the ground, and hanging over them the skins of animals roughly sewn together, or sometimes only long strips of the thick soft bark of the birch-tree. A small opening is left at the top for as much smoke as chooses to find its way there from a fire of logs in the centre, while the remainder fills, and helps to warm, the tent. The only article of furniture is an iron pot for cooking their meat, and their only implements are a knife, a gun, a war-club, and some bows and arrows. Occasionally, in summer, a fluctuating party of two or three hundred families may be found congregated together for a few weeks or months on the bank of some lake or river where the fish are plentiful, but except on these occa-

* Occasionally, but very seldom, the women dry the flesh of the buffalo, and preserve it for future use.

sions there are seldom more than two or three tents ever seen together, and generally they roam about in single families. When they have remained a few days in one spot, and exhausted its resources of food, they take off the covering of their tent, roll it up, and, placing it either in their canoe or on the shoulders of their wives, set off for some new abode.

The dress, and indeed the whole deportment, of the North-west American Indian, differs greatly, according to their locality. The appearance of those among them who border on either the English or American population is miserable in the extreme. Some will be clothed in dirty, ragged blankets; others in still dirtier dresses of worn and tattered hareskins;* while others will be seen with no other covering than a cloth round their waist. Those who are better off will have, perhaps, a leathern jacket, with a cleaner blanket over it, their faces painted black, with circles of vermilion round their eyes, and their long, black hair adorned with brass thimbles, which they have purchased from some neighbouring trader.

The appearance of the tribes in the interior is more manly and independent, and their clothing much more substantial and comfortable. Some of their chiefs even display a kind of savage magnificence in their attire; their leathern jackets are often worked with porcupine quills and hair of the moose deer, dyed of various colours; and their robes and caps of fur are sometimes very handsome. But with that strange propensity to imitate the inferior creatures, they not only ornament their head-dress with feathers, but often fasten into it

* See Bishop of Montreal's Journal, p. 32.

the ears or horns of some animal. The hair of the women is kept short, but the men encourage theirs to grow; it often is so long, that it reaches to their feet, and sometimes trails upon the ground.* They divide it into tresses confined by bands of quill-work; and when the natural hair does not grow long enough to suit the fancy of the owner, he often glues on false locks under these convenient bands. That portion of their hair which grows at the top of the head is called the scalp-lock, and is prized above all the rest. This scalp-lock is the favourite trophy in Indian warfare; and when a warrior has slain his enemy, or made him prisoner, the scalping-knife is always at hand to cut off the flesh of the upper part of the forehead and head. As may be supposed, it is a dreadfully painful operation; but the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty; and the scalp-lock of the sufferer is made into fringes for the sleeves and robe of the conqueror.

In speaking of the dress of the Indians, we must not omit their neatly-made leggings and mocassins, of soft deer-leather, often very prettily ornamented with quill-work, "and fitting," we are told, "as tightly as a lady's glove."†

It will readily be supposed, that the cultivation of their minds forms no part of the employment of these sons of the forest and the prairie; they are entirely ignorant of every art and science, though the poetical eloquence of some of the impassioned addresses of the chiefs, the skill shown in the work of the mocassins, and in the rude, yet spirited, attempts at sculpture

* Reversing what we are told in 1 Cor. xi. 14, 15, is the natural order.

† "Hudson's Bay," by R. W. Ballantyne. Blackwood and Sons.

occasionally seen on rocks, show that they are not deficient in natural talent.

The education of the boys consists merely in training them to the management of their horse, and to the use of the bow, the gun, or the war-club. Their first essays in the art of destruction are against the beautiful butterflies or humming-birds that flutter round them, or on the grasshoppers beneath their feet. By degrees, they are suffered to engage with nobler enemies, till they are thought worthy to accompany their fathers to hunt the deer and buffalo, or to a savage conflict with their enemies.

The most valuable articles of an Indian's property are his horse and his canoe. The former he obtains from the plains, which in many parts abound with them, they are small, but very fleet and strong; and an Indian is never so happy as when, with his bow and quiver slung upon his shoulder, and a shield of buffalo skin upon his arm, he mounts his impatient steed to dart upon his enemies, or to plunge into a flying herd of buffaloes, and send his unerring arrow to the heart of his selected victim. His canoe is made of birch bark, lined with extremely thin flakes of wood, with some light timbers to give strength and tightness to the fabric. In this frail bark, generally from twelve to fifteen feet in length, a whole Indian family will travel hundreds of miles, through rivers and lakes innumerable—now floating swiftly down a foaming rapid, and anon gliding across a quiet lake; or when a waterfall or dangerous rapid impedes its progress, it is so light as to be carried on one man's shoulder along the "portage."

Their religion seems to consist in a vague idea of a Supreme Being, whom they call "the Great Spirit," or

"the Master of Life," and a scarcely less vague belief in inferior spirits of evil, to whom they sometimes offer sacrifices, and of whom images have occasionally been found; but they have no temple or place of worship even of the simplest description.

There is among them an universally received tradition of the deluge, though mixed with the wildest fables. They have some idea of a future state, where the evil are condemned to dwell in perpetual ice, and the good are admitted to a land where the hunting-grounds are always good, where the sun for ever shines, the trees are always green, and where there is an endless succession of feasting, dancing, and rejoicing.

There is one very remarkable custom, evidently connected with their religious ideas, which, though abandoned by the tribes on the frontier, is still observed by those in the interior. It is, that every man must have a "mystery* bag," to which he pays the greatest homage, and to which he looks for guidance and protection through life. This mystery bag is often actually worshipped; feasts are made in its honour, horses and dogs are sacrificed to it; and when it is supposed to have been offended, days and weeks of fasting and mortification are undergone in order to appease it. It consists of the skin of some particular animal; sometimes it is a musk rat, a beaver, an otter, or even a wolf, or, it may be, a snake, or a toad, or a mouse, or a sparrow.

The manner in which this indispensable possession is obtained is as follows:—When a boy is fourteen or fif-

* Or, as it is often called, a "*medicine* bag." The Indians connect the art of healing with that of divination and mystery, and having borrowed the term "médecin" from the French Canadians, they apply it to everything mysterious.

teen years of age, he leaves his father's tent and wanders into some secluded spot in the woods, where he throws himself on the ground, and remains in that position for three or four, or even five days, without food, crying to the "Great Spirit." When at last he suffers himself to fall asleep, the first animal he dreams of is, he believes, the one appointed for him by this mysterious being. He returns to his father's tent, takes some food, and sallies forth to procure the required animal. When he has succeeded, he dresses the skin, ornaments it according to his fancy, and carries it with him through life as his strength in battle, and in death as his guardian spirit who is to conduct him to the beautiful hunting-grounds in the world to come. He values it above all price, never can be induced to sell it, and should he lose it in battle, can never replace it except by seizing on one belonging to an enemy, whom he must slay with his own hand.

The being who exercises the greatest influence over the minds of the Indians is the conjurer, or "medicine-man," who, uniting in himself the offices of oracle and physician, turns the superstitions and sufferings of his countrymen to his own profit.

These poor people consider all diseases to be occasioned by an evil spirit, sent into the afflicted person by some other conjurer, at the instigation of a secret enemy. This spirit is to be expelled by incantations, drumming, and the use of certain herbs; if the sick man recovers, it is considered as a victory of his own conjurer over the supposed enemy; or if he dies, it is of course attributed to the superior power of the adversary.

It is not only in times of sickness that the "medicine man" is consulted; his advice is sought for on all occa-

sions of importance, either of a public or private nature; he guides the decisions of the tribe as to war or peace, and directs his inquirers to the best places for hunting or for fishing.

When called upon to exercise their art, these impostors dress themselves up in the most frightful and absurd manner. We read of one who covered himself with the skin of a bear, the head serving for a mask, and the huge claws dangling from his wrists and ankles, the skin itself being also adorned with those of frogs, bats, and snakes. In one hand he held his frightful rattle, the sound of which, continuing as it often does, through night and day, and associated, as it must needs be, with the degradation and superstition of which it is the token, is described as one of the most depressing sounds imaginable; and in the other he brandished his magic spear, jumping, dancing, yelling, and growling, as if he were possessed by an evil spirit. And these men are the religious guides of these poor people!

The Indian possesses great control over the expression of his feelings; whatever be his sufferings, his eye is always bright, his cheek retains its colour, while his power of endurance is almost beyond belief. The heart sickens at the tortures borne with unflinching courage by prisoners taken in battle; while those voluntarily undergone by the young men of a tribe to appease some evil spirit, or to prove themselves worthy of being warriors, are scarcely less appalling. One of the latter resembles the hook-swinging of the Hindoos, though attended with far greater agony; but the various kinds of these self-inflicted sufferings are too numerous and too frightful to be dwelt upon.

The Indian, as he still roams in his native plains and

forests, rarely trodden by a white man's foot, is, it is true, less degenerate than his brethren of the border; and there is, among them all, a bravery and noble independence, and an intense love for their tribe and kindred, and especially for their children, that excite one's interest; but on the whole they are sunk to almost the lowest point in the scale of humanity: haughty, vindictive, cruel, and blood-thirsty, unable to appreciate either moral or intellectual excellence; indolent, improvident, and selfish beyond conception, without hope and without God in the world.

Thus low was their state when first visited by Europeans, but a still deeper degradation awaited those among them who, when the territory was claimed as British territory, came in contact with so-called British Christians.

It was in the year 1669 that King Charles II. granted a charter to Prince Rupert and some other persons associated with him, empowering them to undertake an expedition to Hudson's Bay, in North-west America, for the purpose of discovering a new passage to the South Seas, and for various other objects; and securing to the Company the exclusive right of trading in furs, minerals, or any other productions of the country.

This right at first extended only to those countries watered by the rivers that fall into Hudson's Bay, and which are comprehended under the general name of Prince Rupert's Land; but as the Company increased in wealth and influence, their power also increased, till now their territories extend from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, and from within the Arctic Circle to the northern boundary of Canada and the United States.

Throughout this vast region, east of the Rocky Moun-

tains, there is, as we have already said, with the exception of the Red River Colony, which will form the subject of the succeeding chapters, neither town nor village, nor any work of civilised man, save the scattered stations of the Company (called forts), established here and there for the purpose of carrying on the fur trade with the Indians of the neighbourhood, of which the principal one is York Fort, on the western shore of the Bay. But what these forts are, and how little they can affect the general state or appearance of the country, will be better understood by the following extract from a work by one of their own servants.*

"Imagine an immense extent of country, many hundreds of miles long, and many hundreds broad, covered with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, and mighty mountains; and all in a state of primeval simplicity, undefaced by the axe of civilising man, and untenanted by aught save some roving hordes of Red Indians, and myriads of wild animals.† Imagine, amid this wilderness, a number of small squares, each enclosing half a dozen wooden houses, and about a dozen men; and between any two of these establishments a space of forest, or of plains, from fifty to three hundred miles in length, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, and of the number and distance between the forts. It is as if in the whole of England and Scotland there were three hamlets, one in the north of Scotland, one in the south-east coast of England, and the third at the Land's End, with altogether a population of thirty men, six or seven women, and a few children."

We will not attempt to follow out the sad tale of sin and suffering that ensued upon the planting of these various forts; we will only observe, that as the servants

* "Hudson's Bay," by R. M. Ballantyne. Blackwood and Sons.

† Chiefly buffaloes, deer, and wolves, besides a multitude of the smaller animals, whose skins furnish materials for the fur trade.

of the Company were generally young men of enterprise and adventure, without any fixed religious principles, removed so far from those early friends whose influence might have restrained them, and left without any outward means of grace, we can hardly wonder at their falling into habits and courses of sin, from which, under other circumstances, they might have been preserved. Nor was the evil confined to the Europeans, for instead of shining as lights among their heathen neighbours, they led them into depths of thicker moral darkness.

The Indians near the forts were used like slaves; intoxication and other sins spread rapidly among them; and disease and increasing misery followed in their train; an eye-witness writes—

"The Indians are sunk to almost the lowest state of degradation to which human beings can be brought; their life is spent in struggles for its support, and they pass on from infancy to death without comfort, without hope in this life, while no bright gleam of future hope enlightens their dark and cheerless path, for no one has ever told them of a Redeemer's love."

But besides the ungodly Europeans and the heathen Indians, a new race had sprung up round each of the Company's posts; the children and descendants of European fathers and Indian mothers. These neglected "half-breeds" generally added the heathenism of their mothers to the irreligion and immorality of their fathers; and, as they grew to manhood, in most cases returned to the wild habits of their Indian relations.

This state of things was not much improved by a colony formed on the Red River, in 1811, by Lord Selkirk, who invited persons from Europe (especially from Scotland) and from Canada to settle on the spot, and which was gradually increased by the retired servants of

the Company also taking up their abode there. The Canadians were French Roman Catholics, and were occasionally visited by a priest; but for the so-called Protestant portion of the colony, no means of grace were provided. It was in 1815, one hundred and forty-five years after the country was taken possession of by England, that Major Semple, Governor of York Fort, when speaking of the desolation occasioned by a fierce struggle between the Hudson's Bay and the North-West Companies, in which he afterwards lost his life, thus writes of the Red River Colony :—

"I have trodden the burnt ruins of houses, barns, a mill, a fort, and sharpened stockades, but none of a place of worship, even on the smallest scale. I blush to say that throughout the whole extent of the Hudson's Bay territories no such building exists."

Could any prospect be more gloomy, or the state of any people, whether we look at the Indians, the Europeans, or the half-breeds, more dismal? Yet even here GOD was preparing a way for the manifestation of His grace; and in the next chapter we shall hope to trace the first faint tints of the cheering Rainbow.

The Cana-
re occasion-
l Protestant
re provided.
years after
ngland, that
en speaking
gle between
mpanies, in
s of the Red

arns, a mill, a
ce of worship,
hroughout the
such building

the state of
s, the Euro-
et even here
tation of His
hope to trace
.

Mr West taking leave of the Indians at Beaver Creek, before stepping into his Cariole.

Mr West taking leave of the Indians at Beaver Creek, before stepping into his Cariole.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!"—*Is.* lii. 7.

It was in the autumn of the year 1820 that a little boat of birch-rind might have been seen to leave York Fort, on the western side of Hudson's Bay, and after coasting for a while along the shore, enter one of the rivers that flow from the interior.

There was nothing in this circumstance to attract the attention of a casual observer—similar boats were continually arriving at, and departing from, the fort during the few bright months of summer and early autumn; this canoe was, as usual, manned by natives, and, as was frequently the case, an European gentleman was sitting at the stern.

But if any of God's own people had seen that boat depart, they would have watched it with the warmest hope and joy; and, as it gradually lessened to the view, and soon was hidden from their sight by some projecting headland, earnest prayer would have gone up that God would speed that little vessel on its course, and give His abundant blessing on its object. It was bound for the Red River Settlement, and was conveying to that distant spot the first messenger of the glad tidings of salvation that had ever visited these neglected regions.

The attention of the Hudson's Bay Company in London had for some time before been drawn to the sad state of this settlement, and they had endeavoured to promote education among the people. But the plan had met with very little success, and they now, in conjunction with the Church Missionary Society, resolved to send out a chaplain, or rather a missionary, in the hope of benefiting them.

The Rev. John West was appointed to this work; he arrived at York Fort in the end of August 1820, and it was his boat that on September 3d might have been seen to leave York Fort, and soon after to enter Port Nelson River.

The Indian canoe, which has been already described, is the only vessel that can be used in this country, where the rivers are so often obstructed by rapids, cataracts, or shallows, that more substantial craft would be useless. Frail as they are, therefore, all the voyages are made in them, and they are the only means for conveying goods and stores to the inland posts.

Mr. West's course up the river was a tedious one; not only had the boat to make its way against the stream, but it was often brought to a stand by what is called a "portage," or carrying-place, that is, by a cataract or rapid, where the men are obliged to land, unload the boat, and carry both it and its contents on their shoulders along the banks, sometimes for five or six miles, over broken rocks, or through deep and miry swamps, till they come to smoother water again.

At night the party landed, lighted a fire of logs of pine to warm themselves and dress their food; and Mr. West, wrapping himself in his blanket, laid down to sleep on branches of the pine.

September in that country is as cold as January in England, and some of the boatmen, finding how unaccustomed he was to the severity of the climate, used kindly to make a sort of rude tent to shelter him. They themselves slept without any shelter, except that in rainy weather they would creep under the canoe, which was always drawn ashore and inverted for the night.

We must not omit to mention the care that was taken every night to examine this fragile vessel, and to ascertain whether the birch-rind had been injured by sharp rocks or any other obstacle. A keg of resin and some spare pieces of bark are always taken on these occasions to spread over the seams, or to repair any more serious injury.

In Mr. West's progress up the river he passed Oxford House, one of the Company's posts, and in about a month after he left York Fort he came to another station called Norway House, on the north-east shore of Lake Winnipeg; or, as it might be more aptly called, the Sea of Winnipeg, for this large sheet of water is not less than 300 miles in length and 50 in breadth.

The voyage from Norway House was much more rapid and agreeable than it had been up the river. The little sail was hoisted, and as the boat glided along the unruffled surface of the lake, or danced over its blue waves, Mr. West was able to enjoy the varied scenery of its shores, and the picturesque islands that adorned its bosom.

There might now be seen sitting by his side two young Indian boys, dirty, half-clad, and uncivilised. One had been intrusted to him at York Fort by his father; the other was given to him at Norway House. They knew but little of English, and nothing of God, but Mr.

West was endeavouring to lead their minds to Him, and teaching them to pray; and the simple prayer, "Great Father, bless me through Jesus Christ our Lord," was often heard in broken accents from their lips.

On October the 13th the party entered the Red River, and two days more brought them to the settlement.

Mr. West had suffered much during this voyage of 800 miles; for six weeks he had passed the whole day, from sunrise to sunset, in an open boat, exposed to every change of weather, his limbs cramped by want of space, and benumbed by the wintry air; but the spirit that glowed within his breast was not to be quenched by difficulties; and though it was Saturday afternoon when he arrived at the settlement, he would not lose one precious opportunity, but gave notice of Divine service on the following day.

The population at Red River consisted at this time (besides the Roman Catholic Canadians) of between 500 and 600 Scotch and English settlers, a large number of half-breeds, and some native Indians, none of whom had access to any means of grace, unless, as was very rarely the case, any of the Europeans happened to have brought a Bible with them from their fatherland.

Mr. West was much encouraged by finding on Sunday the large room at the Fort crowded, and the people very attentive to the prayers and to the sermon; and he commenced his labours full of hope.

To many among the congregation the words of our beautiful Liturgy fell on the ear and heart as a long-forgotten strain, bringing back many a thought of former days and long-lost privileges, perhaps unappreciated at the time; but to the greater part of the assembly both the prayers and the preaching were a new and unknown

sound; for never before had the glad tidings of the Gospel been heard in that colony.

This first setting forth the message of salvation produced much emotion among the people; and though some of this afterwards proved to be like the early dew that passeth away, yet to many the word of truth proclaimed on this and on succeeding Sundays proved a savour of life unto life. One of the settlers in particular spoke of the first Sunday that he had attended Mr. West's ministry as the happiest day in his life, as it restored to him the blessings of public worship, of which he had been deprived for the last thirty years.

Mr. West found full employment among the Europeans and half-breeds; many of the former he prevailed upon to marry, and among the latter, he baptized the very few who were at all prepared, instructed those who were willing to be taught, and established a school under Mr. Garbage, in which he was much encouraged by the progress of the children. But his heart especially yearned towards the native Indians, and the thought of their sad condition weighed heavily on his mind. His own appointed sphere of work reached 300 or 400 miles into the interior; but his thoughts and desires stretched far beyond, and he mourned in spirit as he remembered, that from the Atlantic to the Pacific, no Protestant missionary had ever been sent, no word of salvation had ever sounded.

The Canadian Roman Catholic priests had attempted to do something among those tribes, by joining themselves to them, and conforming to their savage life; but the attempt failed, and except that the shores of the Pacific have since been visited by the American missionaries, these Indians still remain in their heathen

state, unthought of and uncared for by any Protestant church. There were, however, a considerable number of these children of the forest within Mr. West's own appointed limit; and an expedition he made early in the next year to two of the Company's posts (Brandon House and Beaver Creek) gave him an opportunity of seeing something of them in their own plains and forests.

He set out in the beginning of January (1821), in a sort of sledge called a cariole, the only carriage that can be used in that part of the country; it was drawn by dogs, and our readers will be surprised to hear that when the track is good and the wind favourable, these faithful, docile creatures will carry a person eighty miles in the twenty-four hours. Mr. West's route lay across hills and plains of frozen snow, unenlivened by the sight of a cultivated field, an European dwelling, or even an Indian wigwam. The only living beings that broke the stillness of the snowy scene were occasional herds of buffaloes, with their enemies the wolves following in their track to seize upon the weary or the wounded. He travelled the whole day, and as night approached his attendants sought for a spot well supplied with trees, where they lighted their fires, and hanging their guns on the branches, prepared their evening meal. The whole party then spread their blankets on the frozen snow, and after amply replenishing their blazing fires, covered themselves with cloaks of buffalo skin, and lay down till morning.

On one of these nights they were aroused by the barking of their dogs, but found it was only a herd of buffaloes that were travelling past. Another night they were alarmed by hearing the drums of a hostile tribe of In-

dians, apparently very near them. They extinguished their fires and watched till morning, fearing an attack; but this danger also was mercifully averted; and excepting on these two occasions, their only nightly disturbance was the howling of the wolves around them in search of prey. The cold, however, was intense, the thermometer sometimes being forty degrees below zero during the latter part of the night.

Mr. West was absent about a month; he visited the two outposts above mentioned, and had many opportunities of speaking to the very few Europeans and half-breeds that were residing there. He had also some interesting intercourse with some of the Indians; but though he was listened to both by Indians and Europeans with attention and interest, the general impression made on his mind during this journey is thus painfully expressed. Speaking of the occasional magnificence of the sunrise, he says,—

"The heavens do indeed declare the glory of God, and day unto day uttereth speech; but in this wilderness the voice of God is not heard among the heathen, and His name is scarcely known among the Europeans, except to be profaned."

In this journey Mr. West travelled between 500 and 600 miles, and returning to Red River early in February, resumed his work there with increasing ardour.

The plan which suggested itself to him as the most hopeful, with regard to the Indians, was the formation of an establishment for native boys, where they might not only be instructed in the first rudiments of general knowledge, and be taught the way of eternal life, but where they might gradually become accustomed to agriculture, and might learn some of the simpler usages of civilised life.

To this plan, however, the wild and wandering habits of the Indians presented formidable obstacles. Not only would it be difficult to induce the boys to remain long enough in one place to gain much profit, but he knew that these Red men of the woods despised any one who could not hunt, and fish, and shoot, and it would therefore be necessary that these lads should be permitted, while at school, to retain some of their native habits.

On the other hand, there was much to encourage him; the two boys he had brought with him from York Fort and Norway House, as well as another who was afterwards sent to him, were already able to speak English tolerably well; they were beginning to read, and could repeat the LORD'S PRAYER, and he had been able to excite in them a love for gardening, by giving them a piece of ground to cultivate for themselves. The proposed school had been a frequent subject of conversation between himself and the Indians he had met with on his late expedition, and had excited so much interest in their minds, that several had promised to think about it, and perhaps to bring their sons to him in the summer. One little fellow, seven years old, was actually given up to him at once, his friends saying, that as Mr. West had been sent to them by "the Great Spirit," they could refuse him nothing.

Some of these people fulfilled the hopes of Mr. West, and brought their boys to him in the course of the summer, so that in September 1821, he wrote, full of sanguine hopes, that early in the following spring the establishment would be completely formed, and a building erected for the reception of "as many boys as British benevolence would enable him to support."

In the summer of this same year he had visited York Fort, and while there had the privilege of assisting Mr. Garry, one of the Company's Directors, in the formation of an Auxiliary Bible Society,—an immense boon to the whole country, and especially to the colonists at Red River, who joyfully availed themselves of this first opportunity that had been offered to them of providing themselves with copies of the Word of God.

During the following winter the work went on as usual, and in the summer of 1822 Mr. West paid another visit to York Fort, where he had the gratification of meeting with those two well-known men whose names have since awakened emotions of admiration and anxiety, of hope and fear, in every English heart. Sir John (then Captain) Franklin, and Dr. (now Sir John) Richardson, were returning from their perilous journey to the shores of the Polar Sea; and the accounts they gave, and the interest they expressed for the Esquimaux among whom their route had laid, and of the openings for schools among them, kindled fresh zeal and desire in his heart for extended missionary undertakings.

While there, he received from the Committee of the Church Missionary Society the joyful news that they had determined decidedly to adopt Red River as one of their missionary stations, and had appointed to it the Rev. David Jones, whose arrival might, if all was well, be looked for in the following year.

He returned with renewed spirit to his labours at Red River, and this prospect of permanency induced him to attempt the erection of a special place for public worship. He succeeded so well that early in 1823 a small wooden church was opened for divine service, and shortly after this he had the satisfaction of baptizing four of his Indian

boys, two of whom were those he had originally brought with him from York Fort and Norway House.

Alluding to these circumstances, he writes:—

"As I was returning the other evening from visiting some settlers nine or ten miles off, the setting sun threw a lengthened shadow from the newly-erected church and school, and the thought that there were now in this wide waste a landmark of Christianity, and an asylum for Indian children, filled my heart with praise, and awakened the hope that the Saviour might make them the means of raising a spiritual temple in this wilderness to the honour of His name."

The expected arrival of Mr. Jones seemed to open to Mr. West a favourable opportunity of returning to England to fetch his wife and family, from whom he had now been for three years separated, and in June 1823, he left the settlement, as he then believed, for a temporary absence, though circumstances that afterwards arose prevented his ever returning to it. Writing of his departure, he says:—

"On leaving Red River I addressed my farewell to a crowded congregation, and after the administration of the Lord's Supper we all joined in prayer, that the missionary who was on his way hither might be tenfold, yea an hundredfold more blessed in his ministry that I had been. I parted with tears from this anxious and arduous scene of labour."

It was a love that "seeketh not her own" that prompted this prayer; but when we trace back the labours of Mr. West during the short time of his residence at Red River, and the blessing that had attended them, we shall see another instance of that truth that in spiritual as well as in temporal things, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." During Mr. West's detention at York Fort, he made a lengthened journey on foot along the

north-west shore of Hudson's Bay, to Fort Churchill; and his visit there quickened his anxiety that the Church of CHRIST should at once enter in, and take possession of, the whole country in the name of her Lord.

Soon after this he sailed for England, but not before he had had the satisfaction of welcoming the Rev. David Jones to the shores of North America.

Mr. Jones arrived at Red River in October 1823, and was rejoiced and encouraged by the evident blessing that had been vouchsafed to the work of his predecessor. A very different aspect of things now presented itself from that which had so distressed the mind of Mr. West on his first arrival three years before. Marriage, which was then almost unknown, had now become general, and had brought with it its attendant blessings of domestic comfort and social improvement. Many of the parents were availing themselves of the opportunities of education provided for their children; the Sabbath was well observed; and the public ordinances of the Church were well attended. Nor were there wanting evidences that some hearts had been truly converted to God; and Mr. Jones was much cheered by finding, that during the few months that had elapsed between the departure of Mr. West and his own arrival, a social prayer-meeting had been established.

During the following winter the little church was crowded with Europeans, half-breeds, and native Indians; and even the hunting grounds bore testimony to the power of the Gospel; for there were many even there, who, far away for a time from the public means of grace, resisted the temptations, and endured the ridicule of their companions, and continued to keep the Lord's day holy.

It was not long before an additional place of worship was required, and with the kind assistance of Governor

Simpson, and by his own personal influence and exertions, Mr. Jones succeeded in erecting a substantial church, ten miles lower down the river, at Image Plains. This was opened in January 1825, and was soon as well filled as the Upper Church, several of the congregation coming from a distance of nine or ten miles every Sunday.

The schools continued to go on favourably; 169 boys and girls of all classes were on the Sunday-School books, and the establishment for native Indians now contained twelve boys, who were gradually improving in general and scriptural knowledge. The two elder ones had made such good progress in English, that Mr. Jones hoped it would not be long before he should be able to avail himself of their assistance in the arrangement of a grammar of their own language—the Cree.

Mr. Jones found much encouragement in his Sunday evening meetings with these twelve Indian boys, and he mentions one evening in particular, when, for the first time, he observed anything like real feeling among them. In giving out the hymn beginning "Lord, while little heathen bend," &c., he was led to tell them of the cruelties practised in the idolatry of the East, which are alluded to in the hymn; they were affected even to tears, and one of them, an Assiniboine Indian,* asked, with great simplicity, "Sir, is there no

* Assiniboines (or stone-boilers) derive this name from the singular mode in which they used to boil their meat. While the other tribes made use of strong earthen jars, the Assiniboines dig a hole in the ground, which they line with the raw hide of the animal, and fill with water. The meat is then put in, and large stones, which have been made red-hot in a fire close by, are thrown in till the meat is boiled. They now use iron kettles purchased from the traders, except at their public feasts, when they adhere to their ancient custom.

schoolmaster there to tell them not?" But early in 1825, Mr. Jones had the grief of losing two of these promising pupils by death: the first who died, and to whom the name of William Sharpe had been given, had been sent from Churchill Fort soon after Mr. West's visit there in 1823 (see p. 29); he was very young, but gave satisfactory evidence of a real change of heart. The other, Joseph Hurbidge, was the Assiniboine boy who had been promised to Mr. West on his first excursion, early in 1821, to Beaver Creek (see p. 26), and who had afterwards been brought to him by his father with the remark, that as he believed him to have been sent by the Great Spirit, he could refuse him nothing. The conduct of some of the relations of this boy after his death throws considerable light on the natural character of these Red men of the woods, and shows how truly they appreciated the kindness which had been shown to this lad. Mr. Jones, writing on April 25, says—

"While performing Divine service yesterday I observed a strange Indian looking in at the window, whose features struck me as being like those of poor Joseph Hurbidge. I saw no more of him till this morning, when he came and told me the boy was his sister's son. I walked with him to the grave, and was surprised at the feeling he manifested. As we approached his countenance changed; and at last he burst into a flood of tears; he threw himself on the grave moaning piteously, he then rose up, took off his mocassins, and with the sod of an arrow, notwithstanding my remonstrances, dreadfully lacerated his feet. He walked back from the grave barefooted, his steps marked by the blood from his self-inflicted wounds. How does one daily see in these poor Indians the noblest of God's creatutes in a state of ruin!"

Soon after this Mr. Jones one day picked up a small leathern bag near the grave, and, on opening it, found

in it the sod of the arrow, and a red substance like vermilion.

A few weeks after the visit of the poor boy's uncle, Mr. Jones observed some Indians, whose horses were laden like those of the Assiniboines, come up to the fence of his garden, but he took no particular notice of them till he heard the women begin a melancholy dirge. Suspecting from this that they must be friends of the deceased, he sent for them into the house, and found that his conjecture was right. They had come nearly three hundred miles from Beaver Creek "to cry over the grave," and said they had eaten nothing for six days. Among them were the grandfather and the mother of the lad. The appearance of the mother presented a sad instance of the cruel practices of the Indian warriors. She had been taken prisoner in her youth by some hostile tribe, and been scalped; and though the wound had long been healed, and tufts of hair were growing on the top of her head, yet the muscles of her forehead and eyebrows had been so contracted, that her appearance was truly hideous. The father had sent Mr. Jones four moose-skins, saying that he was not well enough to come himself, and besides, that "the grave was too new."

Mr. Jones set before them some fish and potatoes, of which they ate voraciously, and then lay down to rest, saying they would visit the grave in the morning. They did so, accompanied by Mr. Jones's Indian servant, and spent some little time there, making lamentable cries, and lacerating themselves, as the uncle had previously done. They then came back to the parsonage, and on the following morning, after a long conversation with Mr. Jones on the subject of Christianity, returned again to their wild forests.

like ver-

's uncle,
ses were
o to the
notice of
oly dirge.
ds of the
nd found
ne nearly
cry over
g for six
and the
other pre-
ne Indian
ner youth
d though
hair were
es of her
that her
had sent
was not
that "the

otatoes, of
n to rest,
ng. They
rvant, and
able cries,
previously
e, and on
ation with
ned again

Church and Mission School at the Upper Settlement, built by the Rev. J. West.

Church and Mission School at the Upper Settlement, built by the Rev. J. West.

CHAPTER III.

FLOOD AND FAMINE.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes."—*Psalm* cxix. 71.

It is sometimes profitable to dwell more at length on the history of the earlier Missionaries, their difficulties and their labours, partly that we may have a more clear and definite idea of the mission in all its subsequent workings, and partly that we may thankfully observe how God is pleased to raise up peculiar instruments for peculiar work, bestowing special gifts on those whom He employs in laying the foundations of His Church in a heathen land.

On these two accounts it is our purpose to enter somewhat in detail into this part of the history of our North West American Mission, intending to pass more rapidly over intermediate events till we come nearer to the present time.

It must be borne in mind that Red River is an isolated settlement of civilised and half-civilised men in the midst of an immense region of barbarism, and that its inhabitants are obliged to depend entirely on their own resources for the means of subsistence.

At the time of which we are speaking, a very small portion of land had been brought into cultivation, and this had been done almost solely by the European settlers, who had also succeeded in rearing cattle in con-

siderable numbers. The rest of the inhabitants, Canadians, Half-breeds, and Indians, had recourse chiefly, if not wholly, to the chase or to fishing for their support.

Their principal dependence was on the buffalo hunt, which took place twice in the year, when, perhaps, 800 hunters would set out in pursuit of this animal, accompanied by their wives and children, and attended by as many carts to bring home the spoil.

When the settlement was first established, the buffaloes were found in great numbers on the neighbouring plains, but they had gradually retreated farther and farther into the distant country, till now the hunters had sometimes to traverse 200 or 300 miles before they could meet with a herd. When, however, they did find them, the slaughter was prodigious, and, on some occasions, not less than 3000 were killed in one expedition.* Part of the flesh supplied them with food

* The herds of buffaloes are sometimes almost incredibly numerous. "On one occasion we were going down the river in a canoe when we saw an immense herd crossing just below us. We had heard their roaring several miles distant, and when we came in sight of them, we were actually terrified at the numbers that were streaming down the green hills on one side of the river, and galloping up and over the bluffs on the other. As it would have been imprudent to have ventured among them, we ran our canoe ashore, and waited for some hours to see the river clear, but in vain. As soon as the numbers began to diminish we ventured to push off, and at last made our way through them. From the immense numbers that crossed the river at this spot, the bank fifteen feet in height, had been torn and trodden down so as to form a sort of road. This was only one instance in which thousands and tens of thousands congregate and move about together."—*Abridged from Catlin's North West American Indians.*

during the hunting season, the rest the women either dried or made into *pemican* * for future use.

From this statement it will be seen that if the season should prove unpropitious, either to the hunters or the agriculturists, the colonists must necessarily be brought into great straits, as there was literally no external source whatever from which their wants could be supplied.

It was on this account that the Missionaries had, from the first, found it necessary to cultivate land and rear cattle, so as to raise their own supplies of provisions for their families and schools, as well as to be able to assist the number of starving half-breeds and Indians, whose improvidence threw them on the bounty of others. But for everything that they needed beyond the produce of their little farms,—for all other articles of food, for furniture, hardware, tools, books, clothing, and the various minor things that contribute to our daily comfort, the colonists were, and still are, entirely dependent on England.

This inconvenience is increased by the impossibility of obtaining any supplies from home except once in the year. Hudson's Bay is blocked up by fields of ice, except for a brief space during the summer months, so that vessels can seldom reach York Fort before the end of August, and are then obliged to unload and take in their cargoes as quickly as possible, lest their return should be cut off by a barrier of ice forming at the entrance of the bay and preventing their leaving it during the whole winter. This annual visit of the ships is also

* Pemican is made by pounding the fat and the lean together in a mortar, and then putting it into leathern bags in which it is often preserved for months without spoiling.

the only opportunity of either sending or receiving European letters, except that once in the course of the winter, the Missionaries had the privilege of sending a small packet with the official despatches *viâ* Canada.

But to return from this digression to the history of the mission.

Mr. Jones's health had been greatly injured by the severity of the first winter, which had occasioned the breaking of a blood-vessel in the lungs, from the effects of which he afterwards frequently suffered. At the time of which we are now speaking he was still alone in the mission, and had not only Sunday and week-day services at the Upper Church, but the same also at Image Plains; and we may judge of the difficulty and fatigue he often encountered by the following passage from his journal, which is only one among many similar ones:—

"March 26. Divine service as usual at Image Plains; the track was so bad that I was obliged to leave my horse, and wade for the last three miles through water lodged on the surface of the ice to the depth of eighteen inches; a crowded congregation as usual: returned to the services at the Upper Church; in the evening my usual class of Indian boys."

Suffering as Mr. Jones now was from broken health, deprived of all ministerial advice and sympathy, and shut out for months together from all intercourse with his native land, it required a more than usual measure of strong faith, unwearying zeal, and ardent love, to prevent his spirit from sinking and his heart from turning back. But God endowed him richly with all these graces, and there is a cheerfulness and devotedness in his journals at this time that show how communion with God in the Christian's daily walk will support and cheer him under difficulties and privations.

He had also granted to him much encouragement in his work. The congregations at both churches continued to increase, and it was sometimes with difficulty that he could make his way through the crowd to the reading-desk. Often, when setting forth a Saviour's love, he saw the deep feelings of his hearers, especially among the half-breeds, manifesting itself in tears; and on one occasion he speaks of his own mind being much affected at the manner in which the whole congregation, English, Scotch, Swiss, Germans, Canadians, Norwegians, half-breeds, and Indians, joined in singing "Crown him Lord of all," little thinking, he says, when he first read that hymn in Welsh, in the account of the formation of the London Missionary Society, that it would be brought home to his heart with so much power and interest in the American wilderness.

In October, 1825, Mr. Jones had the comfort of welcoming the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cockran to Red River; and the female part of the population soon began to find the advantage of having a missionary lady among them.

It was not long after this arrival that the colony was subjected to the most severe trial it had ever experienced; and a short account of the circumstances will serve to illustrate the trials of the Missionaries as well as to show the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of many.

From some cause, which does not appear, the hunters had failed in their winter expedition of 1825-6 against the buffaloes; so much so, that instead of bringing back the usual supply of food for future use, many of them had, even while in the plains, been reduced to the extremity, not only of devouring their dogs, but of eating

old shoes, buffalo-cloaks, and the leather of their tents.

This of itself was a severe trial to the colony, but a far more severe and more general calamity was at hand. As the spring of 1826 advanced, the river became swollen from the melting of the unusual quantity of snow which had, during the winter, fallen on the higher lands; the thick crust of ice, with which it was bound, was gradually raised to the level of its steep banks, till, early in May, the frozen mass, four feet and a half in thickness, was dislodged by the impetuous torrent and borne towards the lake, carrying with it everything that impeded its resistless progress; young maple-trees, oaks, and large elms, being uprooted and swept away.

Soon the water rose above the banks, and now began a long course of varied calamities to the inhabitants. The houses in the lower part of the settlement were rapidly filled with water and deserted by their occupiers; and soon the higher ones shared the same fate; the cattle were driven to the few spots still left dry, where their piteous wailings for food and shelter added to the general distress of the scene.

All this time the thermometer continued five degrees below freezing point, the weather was stormy, with sleet, hail, and driving snow, and the suffering inhabitants were driven to take refuge on the nearest hills. Some fled towards the Lake, and pitched their tents on the Cedar Hills, nine or ten miles distant from their homes; while 500 or 600 of the rest found safety in an opposite direction, and fixed themselves on the Snake Indian Hills, about the same distance from the settlement.

By degrees, the mission family and a few strangers,

who sought shelter from them, alone remained, their house and the Upper Church were still untouched, but all around was desolation. As far as the eye could reach on every side, the mighty torrent was holding on its way, always troubled, and sometimes lashed into waves, several feet in height, by storms of wind. On one side, were seen many of the log-houses of the settlers higher up the country carried by the flood across what had before been plains; while, on the other, their eyes and hearts were pained by the sight of the property and furniture of their nearer neighbours swept past by the resistless current without the possibility of saving them. Still the waters rose, and now the mission-house itself began to be in jeopardy. The Missionaries endeavoured to secure some of their own property and that of the Society, by placing it in the roof of the Church; for though the waters had entered the building, the walls still stood firm. They also prepared a wooden platform to which they might retreat in case of sudden necessity; and it was well they did so, for, in the course of the night, the water suddenly burst into the house.

Sunday, May 14, "was a very dismal day; no people assembling to celebrate the day of rest, no church to go to;" but they held Divine Service on the platform, now the only abode of about forty persons, including, besides themselves and the Indian boys, a few poor people who had lingered near their ruined homes in the vain hope of saving some of their possessions.

For three days, they continued there, but the flood still rising, and the wind becoming so strong as to threaten the safety of their fragile retreat, they determined to follow the example of their neighbours. With some difficulty they procured boats, and taking with

them as many small articles of daily use and comfort as they could, they rowed over fields and plains, now an almost uninterrupted waste of water, to the Snake Indian Hills. Here they pitched their tents, and here they remained a month in anxious suspense, watching the continual rising, and at length the subsiding of the waters, with feelings of alternate fear and hope, sorrow and thankful joy, till the 12th of June.

It was a month of much bodily as well as mental suffering; the weather was inclement and the cold severe; the encampment consisted of 130 tents, besides many Indian wigwams; the want of furniture and other conveniences caused great discomfort, while the state of Mrs. Cockran's health made every privation to be doubly felt.

On one occasion a violent hurricane arose suddenly in the middle of the night and blew down many of the tents and all the wigwams: the scene was one of indescribable confusion, and in the midst of it, their alarm was wrought up to the highest pitch, by a spark from one of the tents having set on fire the long grass with which they were surrounded. The flame ran swiftly along the ground, and destruction seemed inevitable; but God in His mercy preserved them.

A torrent of rain was sent which extinguished the fire; the wind lulled, and all further danger was averted.

It is refreshing to mark the spirit in which these trials were received, not only by the missionaries themselves, but by their flock. Of himself and his fellow-labourers, Mr. Jones says,—

"Every recurrence of our devotional hours brings with it a subject of gratitude in some visible proof of the care of our gra-

cious God for His unworthy servants. Let me beg that the language of gratitude, as well as of prayer, be employed at your assemblies in behalf of this infant mission. Our trials have been great, though we have not dwelt much on them; we would rather join in thanksgiving to the Author and Giver of life, that we are still monuments of mercy, and permitted to lift up our feeble voices in testimony to the goodness of Jehovah."

Again, he says,—

"The people seem to receive all this as a chastisement from God, and they await the issue from His gracious hand. Houseless as they are, their language is still, 'It is the Lord.'"

Then, after enumerating the deliverances and mercies they had received, he adds that their chief concern was for Mrs. Cockran, who, however, bore all these trials with never-failing patience and cheerfulness.

An interesting anecdote is related of a little incident which occurred about this time, and helped to cheer them. A party of settlers, who were crossing the inundated plains one Sunday morning in their canoes, thought they heard the voice of singing. They rowed towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and found, on a wooden stage, not more than eighteen inches above the water, a party of half-breed young women singing hymns: they were resting for the day, anxious, as far as might be, to keep it holy. The settlers passed on, unwilling to disturb them, but not a little struck with thus hearing, in the midst of surrounding desolation, the sweet voices of those lately ignorant and degraded beings floating over the waters in songs of praise.

On the 12th of June, the waters were sufficiently abated to allow of the people's return; but it was a dismal scene that awaited them. Only three houses in

the whole settlement were left standing: one of them, to the joy and thankfulness of the missionaries, was their own dwelling; but they only found the outer walls; everything else was gone: the partitions between the rooms, the doors, the windows, and the furniture, had all been swept away.

The Upper Church had suffered less than any other building; but that on Image Plains had not fared so well.

"The glass windows were driven out by the current, the seats were shattered and mostly carried away, the pulpit swept from the foundation, the doors battered down, and all the plastering washed off; in short, the desolation," writes Mr. Jones, "was complete. But," he adds, "I could not help thinking this might be intended as a useful lesson to me, to teach me not to suffer my mind to wander from the main object of my ministry by any external circumstances. I had often looked on this church as a child of my own rearing. I had worked at it many a day with my own hands; and with the aid of the settlers had brought it to a tolerable degree of perfection: now my idol is completely tarnished. Still I am thankful that we are not deprived of it as a place of worship, and the Gospel will sound as well from behind a table as from my handsome pulpit."

Very melancholy was the return of the missionaries and the people to their former abode: their houses in ruins; much of their stock of provisions, both for themselves and their cattle, destroyed by the flood; and the supply of preserved buffalo meat, as we have before said, very scanty. But the trials of this eventful year did not end here: the inundation had occurred just at the season for sowing their crops; and though the spade and plough were at work again as soon as the land was sufficiently dry, it was too late for them to expect even a tolerable harvest. Distress and famine seemed their only prospect, and their fears were but too soon realised.

The missionaries were often reduced to the extremity of not knowing from whence the food for the next day could be procured; and more than once, the only supply for themselves and their household, including the Indian boys, was some half-ripe barley. With a view of preventing, if possible, a recurrence of the same distress, Mr. Cockran, with his characteristic energy, determined to bring a little more land into cultivation; but having no means of feeding another labourer, he was obliged to plough it up with his own hands, while he taught two of his Indian boys to drive the oxen.

The journals of the missionaries during this long season of suffering are very interesting, but we will only make the two following extracts from that of Mr. Cockran:—

"Being in difficulty from want of provisions, I took my man with me, and went and cut ten sheaves of barley. It was not fully ripe, but we had no other means of subsistence. We threshed it and gave it to Mrs. Cockran to dry by the fire, that it might be ready for the evening. I then went and ploughed the appointed hours."

Soon after, he says,—

"I spent an agreeable evening with two Christian friends. We beguiled the time by talking of our 'Father's house, where there are many mansions;' and strengthened one another in the Word of God, by freely communicating the manner in which God had fed us day by day for the last three months. We found He had fulfilled His promises to each of us. He had, as it were, sent us manna every morning to supply our present wants, but the bread of to-morrow we often knew not whence it would come."

The barley and potatoes, though from their having been sown so late they did not come to perfection, yet sufficed, with the greatest care, to keep the mission

family through the winter from actual want of food; but they were subjected to great privation, and many of their neighbours suffered still more severely. Some lived on hazel-nuts, some obtained an uncertain subsistence by angling through holes cut in the thick ice, but many suffered inconceivable hardships.

There could, of course, be no material improvement in the state of things till the next harvest (1827), when it pleased God to send them a fair crop, and they were once more, after seventeen months of scarcity, able, as Mr. Cockran expresses it, "to eat their bread without weight, and their potatoes without measure." "We trusted," he adds, "in the Lord, and have not been ashamed. He gave us our portion of meat in due season, and made it doubly sweet by the zest of a grateful heart."

These outward trials were blessed by the Spirit of God to the souls of many; the Word grew and multiplied, and a spirit of earnest inquiry was poured out; the churches were crowded, and the number of communicants continually increased, though none were admitted who were not, as far as human judgment could penetrate, the subjects of Divine grace.

The language of many a heart might now have been,

> "Father, I bless Thy gentle hand;
> How kind was that chastising rod,
> That forced my conscience to a stand,
> And brought my wandering soul to God!"

All this improvement, however, was chiefly among the Europeans and half-breeds; the native Indians had scarcely been reached, though here and there the missionaries were privileged to admit a Red brother or sister to the fold of Christ.

One of these was an aged woman of the Saskatchewan tribe, whose Indian name was "Rosebud," from her youthful beauty. She had come from the north of Hudson's Bay to reside with her daughter, who had married a half-breed young man, one of the communicants. She worshipped idols, and had one special favourite household god, to which she was devoted, and which she kept carefully wrapped in a piece of red cloth. She could not be prevailed upon to attend Divine worship or to join her son-in-law and daughter in their family devotions, nor would she listen to any of their persuasions. All this was a continual subject of sorrow to her children, who little knew that under this apparent resistance to the truth, the Holy Spirit was secretly carrying on His work in her heart. One day the man came to Mr. Jones to tell him that, to his wife's and his own great joy, an unexpected change seemed to have taken place in the poor old woman, and that she had sent him to request the missionary to come and teach her to worship the true God.

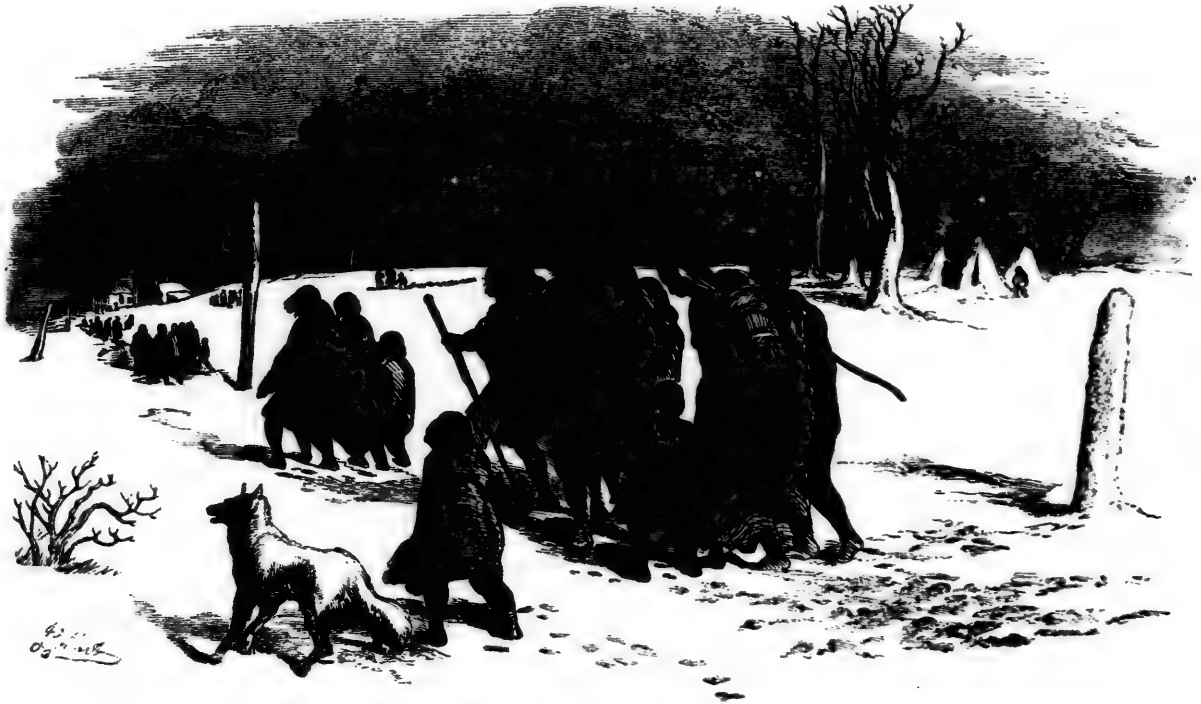
Mr. Jones gladly obeyed the summons: he found her in a very inquiring state of mind, and after due preparation he baptised her, "with hair so gray and forehead so wrinkled," yet brought to Christ at the eleventh hour. Mr. Jones expressed one day a wish to see her former idol. "Nay, my grandson," was her reply; "to hear of these things now pains my ears; to think of them troubles my heart; I pray you therefore to pass them by."

Another interesting case was that of a man called the "Cask." He had heard something about the Gospel at Norway House, and had come to Red River to get further instruction. He built a dwelling for himself,

and regularly attended the means of grace. During the winter, he and his wife, who was like-minded with himself, gave a pleasing and encouraging proof that the Word of God had not been declared to them in vain.

They had joined a party of about three hundred people, chiefly Canadians, on one of the annual fishing expeditions on Lake Winnipeg: it was an ungodly company, and no difference was made between Sunday and any other day. Our Indian and his wife had, however, learnt differently, and continued to take up their nets on the Saturday evening, that they might observe the day of rest, though by so doing they exposed themselves to much trouble and risk, as well as ridicule. Every Saturday, as soon as they had removed their nets, their companions invariably took possession of their ground, and every Monday morning they were obliged to lose much time in seeking for a fresh spot.

After their return home, they continued to go on very satisfactorily, and Mr. Cockran looked forward to their admission by baptism into the visible church; but before this could be done, it pleased God to take the husband to Himself, though not till he had given satisfactory evidence of his being a living member of the mystical body of Christ.



Natives on their way to the House of God.

CHAPTER IV

THE GRAND RAPIDS.

"Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."—*Ps.* xc. 17.

THIS was a very appropriate passage of Scripture for our Missionaries as they pursued their various labours; but more especially might it have been the language of Mr. Cockran's heart, when, in 1829, he settled with his family at the Grand Rapids.

This name had been given to a part of the colony several miles farther down the river than the Upper Settlement, where Mr. Jones and Mr. Cockran had hitherto resided; and it included a tract of land lying about twelve miles along the river, and stretching several miles into the country.

The inhabitants were chiefly half-breeds, with but few Europeans, and a still smaller number of Indians, among them. With a very few exceptions, the half-breeds here were, as elsewhere, scarcely raised above the Indians; they followed the same heathen practices, they pursued the same mode of life, and were, indeed, in most cases so identified with them, that it required an experienced eye to distinguish between the two. At the Grand Rapids the chief difference seems to have been, that when they returned from their hunting or fishing expeditions they could shelter themselves in a more substantial dwelling than the Indian wigwam.

There were, however, a small number who were rising a little above this state, and who were making some rude attempts at tillage. But, except these few patches of half-cultivated ground — "few and far between"— the whole was a wild, desolate, and swampy plain, dotted here and there with the miserable log-houses of the inhabitants, and too often resounding with the dismal, discordant noise of the conjurer's drum.

The inundation of 1826, and the consequent sufferings, which had, as we have seen, been blessed to many of the people at the Upper Settlement, had not been entirely without fruit at this place also. Several persons had been awakened to a concern for their souls; and Mr. Cockran, in his occasional visits to them, was often cheered by finding a considerable number (sometimes as many as thirty) collected together to receive his instructions.

The openings for usefulness appeared so promising, that it was arranged that while Mr. Jones continued in charge of the Upper Settlement, Mr. Cockran should establish himself here; and accordingly, in the summer of 1829, he moved with his family into a log-house he had built on the western bank of the river, about fifteen miles below the Upper Church and Parsonage, and ten miles from Image Plains.

Everything around was, as has been said, dreary and uncivilised: the commonest necessaries of life could only be procured from the Parsonage at the Upper Settlement; and for some months the only bread they had was made of flour ground between two stones dug from the bank of the river, and afterwards sifted through a piece of parchment pricked with pin-holes.

Mr. Cockran soon saw that, not only for their tem-

poral but for their spiritual welfare, it was of the utmost importance to reclaim the people as much as possible from their wild and wandering habits, and to lead them to more settled and peaceful employments. While, therefore, he took every opportunity of declaring to them the Gospel in all its simplicity and power, of endeavouring to lead them to a conviction of sin, and of the need of a Saviour, he spared no pains, either by argument or example, to induce them to turn their minds to agriculture. He took a considerable piece of land near his own house into cultivation, partly for the support of his own family and his future schools, and partly as an opportunity of accustoming the men to labour.

The difficulties he found in this and in following years, in teaching these people the use of the various implements of husbandry, can scarcely be read without a smile, though they must have been very trying to his patience at the time. They would often throw down the hoe or the spade, declaring they would use them no longer, as they made their backs and arms so stiff. If a tree was to be felled, they complained that the hatchet blistered their hands. But the sickle was their great trouble; as was to be expected, they at first frequently cut their fingers in using it; and rather than endeavour, by care and practice, to overcome their awkwardness, they would devise all kinds of new ways of reaping—thus often losing much of the few precious days of fine weather, during which alone the harvest could in that country be gathered in.

The only thing in which they found no difficulty was guiding the plough: the quickness of eye they had acquired by their early training in shooting and

hunting enabled them, from the first, to do that with ease which our English labourers often are so long in acquiring; and their furrows were always straight.

We may understand something of Mr. Cockran's position, at this time, by a passage in one of his letters three or four years later:—

"I am obliged to be minister, clerk, schoolmaster, arbitrator, agricultural director, and many other things, to this mixed and barbarous people; and it is no sinecure. They are scattered over twelve miles of country, without roads, full of swamps and miry creeks, where in wet weather I have the utmost difficulty in reaching them. I have everything to teach them, to enter into all their personal concerns, to be a peacemaker, and to teach them to manage their temporal affairs. Wearying as all this is to the flesh, it is very beneficial to the people: it leads them to look on me as one of themselves; they feel they can depend on my friendship, they know that I shall advise them only for their good; and this leads them to listen with a willing ear when I tell them of spiritual things."

Mr. Cockran soon began to see some results from his patient, self-denying labours; and though the people did not entirely relinquish their former mode of life, yet they set about the cultivation of the land and the rearing of cattle in good earnest: so that it was not long before the whole face of the country assumed a very improving aspect. The few bright months of summer they devoted to the care of their land; and though still obliged to eke out their subsistence by hunting and fishing, yet, if their expeditions proved unsuccessful, they found a sufficient supply in their own farmyards to keep them from actual want.

Their spiritual progress kept pace with their external improvement; they eagerly sought for religious instruction; many adults applied for baptism; and in 1831,

only two years after his settling among them, Mr. Cockran's congregation had increased from thirty to three hundred, while the alteration in their general habits and moral conduct bore testimony to the reality of the work within.

Many of his present congregation were Indians newly arrived from distant places, drawn hither by messages and invitations from their relations among the half-breeds already settled here; and the description Mr. Cockran gives of the way in which these poor wanderers were gathered in is very touching:—

"When," he says, "I speak to my own people of our state by nature, of a Saviour, of repentance and faith, and of the condition of the heathen, I sometimes stop, and put this thrilling question, 'Are not your relations in this state? Are they not heathen? Are not their bodies perishing for want of food, and their souls for lack of knowledge?' This will often lead them to think about their unfortunate relations in the wilderness, whose numbers are diminishing from scarcity and hardships, and whose souls are passing into eternity without ever hearing of Christ, the only Saviour. They will tell their anxiety to some trusty friend who is going to York Fort, where he will meet with men from all parts of this vast continent. To some of them he communicates the messages, which pass from one to another till they reach the persons to whom they are sent; and these messages often induce them to come and see what this new thing is."

It was especially among the tribe of the Swampy Crees that these messages were listened to and followed. They came to the settlement from various places in the far north—sometimes a family or two together, some times more; and on one occasion a little fleet of twenty canoes was seen making its way up the river on this voyage of inquiry. They would land, pitch their tent near any half-breed family with whom they could claim

any relationship, and expect them to maintain them as long as they remained.

It was a hard struggle to the settlers, who were themselves but just beginning to reap the fruit of their newly-acquired habits, and were as yet scarcely able to raise grain enough for their own consumption, to have so many to support in addition to their own families; but their hearts had been enlarged by the Spirit of God, and so anxious were they to rescue their relations and fellow-countrymen from the state of heathenism and ignorance of which they had themselves so lately experienced the misery, that they never discouraged them, but would share with them their last mouthful, rather than that they should be driven by hunger beyond the sound of the Gospel. And their disinterested self-denial was blessed: it was very seldom that any who came in this way to the settlement ever left it again; they applied themselves to agriculture, listened to instruction, and in very many cases gave evidence of being converted to God.

Mr. Cockran could not but rejoice at the gradual improvement he witnessed year by year, even in the outward condition of his people.

"Instead," he writes, "of seeing some poor Indian woman, in the depth of winter, hauling her half-naked children on a sledge over the frozen snow to some lonely creek, there to cut a hole in the thick ice, let down her hook, and shivering wait for hours till some fish lay hold of it to serve for their scanty meal,—we now see her and her children nicely and warmly clothed, with a buffalo cloak folded neatly round them, in their own cariole, drawn by their own horse or ox, bringing them to the house of God to thank Him, as well she may, for all His temporal and spiritual mercies."

On Mr. Cockran's first settling at the Grand Rapids

he had collected together a good number of children, and built a good-sized room to serve for a school; and hitherto it had been in this room that the congregation had assembled for divine worship. But the increase in the number of worshippers soon determined him to attempt the erection of a church; and poor as the people still were, they came forward readily to assist him to the utmost of their power. Great was his joy when this new witness for God was completed, and stood out as a testimony that His servants had obtained a footing here. In 1831, he says:—

"Three years ago my house, school, congregation, and church, were all imaginary: the timber was growing in the forests, the glass and nails were in England, and one-half of my congregation were wandering heathen, worshipping no God but profit or pleasure, acknowledging no Saviour, and knowing no Sabbath. But when the time appointed came, Death and Hell could no longer hold their prisoners: their jubilee was come — they must go free; and, gathered from the shores of almost every river between Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains, they were brought to this place, where God had provided for them the glad tidings of salvation."

Mr. Cockran frequently mentions the regularity of his people's attendance at the house of God:—

"In England," he says, "it is a frequent and painful remark, 'So many at market, and so few at church!' but here it is the reverse. On week-days you may travel for miles, and not see a human face; but on Sundays, as the time of service draws near, the track is covered with old, and young, and middle-aged, pressing forward to worship God in the congregation. It never comes into their minds that a slight cold, or a soaking rain, or a violent snow-storm, or a piercing frost, are any reasons to keep them from public worship. They have made up their minds to be found always in the house of God, and hitherto their strength has been equal to their day. Be the weather ever so bad, none ever stay away but the aged and the sick; and when the ground

is too wet for the women and children to walk, they are put into their little carioles; while the men, carrying their shoes in their hand, walk by their side through mud and water reaching half-way to their knees."

We shall be better able to appreciate this regularity of attendance when we consider the peculiar nature of the climate: sometimes in summer the thermometer would be at from 80° to 100° in the shade, while in winter it was often 30° or 35° below zero, and occasionally even 40°.

On Sundays, the church being full, the winter cold was not so severely felt during the time of service; but the external air congealing the breath of the people as it rose, when the fire was extinguished the ceiling would be covered with a coat of ice, while the desk, pulpit, prayer-book, and Bible, shone with silvery particles of frozen vapour. On the week-days in winter, when the congregation was smaller, Mr. Cockran describes it as being, notwithstanding a good fire in the stove, like "a temple of ice."

Mr. Cockran's constant intercourse with the people during the week gave him an insight into their individual character which he could not have obtained in any other way, and which was particularly valuable to him when candidates for the Lord's Supper presented themselves to him. He was very strict on this point, and would admit none of whose real religious principles he was not well persuaded, or of whom the rest of the communicants could report any inconsistency in their daily walk.

The number of communicants, however, continued to increase; and although the natural taciturnity and reserve of both Indians and half-breeds prevented him

from enjoying the communion with them which he so much desired, yet the correctness of their moral conduct, their habits of family devotion, and the tears of deep feeling often drawn forth by the services of the sanctuary, convinced their faithful pastor that his labour among them had not been in vain in the Lord.

Sometimes, too, he was cheered by a clearer manifestation of the work of grace, when some powerful emotion or an attack of sickness would overcome their natural reserve, and lead them to lay open more of the feelings of their hearts. One of these cases was that of an Indian woman, who, with her husband, had arrived at the settlement in 1831. The man had, as is usual among the Indians, taken two sisters as his wives. On his arrival he had pitched his tent near one of the settlers to whom he was related, and by whom he and his family were for some time supported.

This relation, as well as some of his pious neighbours, frequently endeavoured to lead the minds of the newcomers to Christianity. They tried, also, to show them the sinfulness of their present mode of life; and by degrees the two wives became so deeply impressed with this, that they determined it should be so no longer. It was decided that the woman of whom we are speaking should leave her husband, and reside in a separate tent, at some distance. They had constantly attended divine worship, but had not sought for any personal intercourse with Mr. Cockran, till, a short time after this separation, the poor woman was taken very ill, and sent for him. He found that as yet she knew little of divine truth, but that little had reached her heart; she felt its power, and desired to be transformed into a new creature In her simple way she told him,—

"When I came here, fifteen months ago, it was to hear about this new religion, and I intended to accept it if it proved as good as it was reported. I came, I inquired: all was new, and astonished me. Oh, I thought, if I can but escape the bad place, and obtain the good one! I was told that I must put away my sins, and believe on Him who came into the world and died to save sinners. I considered; I felt willing to give up my Indian ways; as I came to the knowledge of bad things, I put them away, and I now go on putting them away."

Mr. Cockran had further conversation with her, and, satisfied with her sincerity, yielded to her anxious desire and baptized her.

Another case was that of a man who had been living for some time at the Grand Rapids, but with whom Mr. Cockran had sought in vain to get into religious conversation. But on his visiting him during a severe fit of illness, he seemed to forget his habitual reserve, and exclaiming, "You know not how much God strove with me before I would hear him," proceeded to give some account of his own conversion. It seems he had heard something of Christianity while still leading a life of wandering, and had had many conflicts with himself whether or not he would listen to the word of God. At one time in particular, when chasing a moose-deer in vain for several days, the thought occurred to him that perhaps the "Master of Life" intended to starve him because he would not attend to His message. He set out, therefore, for the settlement, with his wife and children, determined to attend the means of grace; but when he arrived there he could not persuade himself to enter the church, fearing lest he should be arrested by an invisible hand; for at this time he looked on the preaching of the Missionaries as similar to the incantations of the Indian conjurers His heart again turned

to the Indian life, and he again set off with his family for the plains. In his way he passed a spot where Mr. Cockran was engaged with a carpenter in preparing some work, and turned aside to have a little talk with him, with no other purpose than to while away the time. The carpenter was a pious man, and the conversation soon turned to serious subjects. The Indian became wearied with this, and soon left them; but what he had heard was not so easily to be got rid of: it was as a nail fastened in a sure place. He could not sleep; and at last his life became so burdensome to him, that he determined to return to the Grand Rapids, and fix himself where he might hear the whole of God's truth.

"And," adds Mr. Cockran, "he was not an unprofitable hearer; he became a true believer, and brought forth the fruits of the Spirit, in faith, patience, and a tender conscience."

There are many other instances mentioned in Mr Cockran's journal which are very interesting, but it would exceed our appointed limits were we to enter upon them fully. We shall therefore content ourselves with selecting only two or three, which in different ways show that the work of the Holy Spirit produces the same effects on the heart of the wild Indian of the forest as upon the subtle, philosophising Brahmin, or on the intellectual and polished European.

One of these was a man who one day, in conversation with his minister, told him that when the word of God came to him it made "his heart sore," and the sense of his sins was as if he were in a thick wood, surrounded by flies, from which he could not get free, till he found the Saviour had made a beaten track by which he had escaped. No one who has not been in that country can

fully enter into the force of this simile, for he must have experienced the torment of these insects before he can know the relief of getting free from them. When passing, in summer, through one of those pathless woods, they surround you, bite you, dash into your eyes, sting your face, hands, and neck; you inhale them with every breath, while slowly making your way among the trees and bushes. But if you fortunately meet with a trodden path, you rush forward, the current of air drives your enemies behind you, and you can once more see and breathe.

Another instance was that of a woman whom Mr. Cockran visited in her illness, and who, in reply to his questions as to what chiefly occupied her thoughts while lying alone on her bed of sickness, mentioned Matt. xi. 28, and John, vi. 37. "These words," she added, "dwell in my mind day and night." Then, clasping her hands, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, she exclaimed, "Precious Saviour! thou art the best friend in the day of sickness!"

The last case we shall mention was a man who, finding himself very near his end, sent to Mr. Cockran to come and see him. When he entered, he exclaimed, "This is the last visit you will ever pay me. I know I shall soon die, but I have no fear: I have a Saviour, a friend in heaven, who hears my prayers, who draws away my heart from all below, even from my wife and children, and leads it to Himself. I have sent for you to tell me all you know about this new state." Then, stretching out both his arms, as a bird stretching out its wings to fly away, he exclaimed, "I want to go and be with Him who has washed away my sins in His own blood, and now gives me rest and peace in the midst of

pain and suffering." Five years before, as we find from the journals, this man was a heathen!

It was not the adults alone in whom Mr. Cockran endeavoured to awaken a desire for useful employment: he made his schools, as far as he could, schools of industry; the boys were instructed during part of the day in husbandry, carpenters' work, &c., and the girls were taught to spin. When they first began, the only material to be procured in the country was buffalo's wool, which is too short and coarse to make good thread; but soon afterwards Governor Simpson conferred a great boon upon the colony by importing some sheep from Canada; and by degrees, as these multiplied, the girls were able to produce a finer and more durable article.

And now, having brought the history of this station down to the year 1836, we must pause, and in our next chapter give some more general information, though we cannot leave the spot till we have, in a few words, placed before our readers the change which had been effected there in the course of seven years.

The log-houses of the Christian part of the population had been made neat and comfortable dwellings, each with its little garden and farm-yard attached to it; the once dreary, swampy plains, were now covered with herds of cattle, or adorned with waving corn; a church, school, and parsonage-house, had been erected; and the din of the conjurer's rattle was exchanged for words of prayer and songs of praise. Above sixty children attended at the day-schools; the number of communicants was nearly seventy; and his flock, which was continually increasing by the baptism of adults from the remaining heathens in the settlement, now amounted to six hundred.

The Indian village had also been commenced, but the account of this we must reserve for a future chapter.

Mr. Cockran would unite with us in saying, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give the glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake."

Indian beyond the Rocky Mountains expressing by Signs his desire for Religious Instruction.

CHAPTER V.

INDIAN SCHOOL AND MISSIONARY TRIALS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Eccles.* xi. 1.

DURING the seven years of gradual improvement at the Grand Rapids, of which we spoke in the preceding chapter, Mr. Jones continued diligently to labour in his Master's service, both at the Upper Settlement and at the Middle* Church, and the blessing of God rested on his work. But this portion of the field of labour had so nearly lost its direct *missionary* character, and was passing so almost entirely into a *pastoral* charge, that we shall in future refrain from any regular account of it, and only refer occasionally to some of its details. Before we leave it we will give a few particulars which will interest our readers.

One of these was the accession to the Mission of a most valuable labourer in Mrs. Jones, who accompanied her husband, in 1829, on his return from a visit he paid to his native land. Mr. Jones was thus relieved from all secular and domestic cares, which as the household, including the schools, amounted to seventy or eighty persons, were neither few nor light. Mrs. Jones also laid herself out in every way for the temporal and spiritual benefit of all around her; and soon after her arrival established a boarding-school for the daughters

* Before called "Image Plains."

of the higher classes of the Company's agents, who had hitherto been without any opportunity of education. In this school she met with some trials and much encouragement; two instances of the latter are recorded by the Bishop of Montreal in his Journal, p. 25.

But it is the Indian boys' school that belongs more to our present subject, that school which Mr. West had established, and to the future effects of which he had looked forward with so much hope; and here also, though there were some disappointments, there was much, very much, that must have fulfilled his most sanguine expectations. We shall select a few of the cases which present, more or less, some peculiar features.

In the year 1825 Governor Simpson paid a visit to the country west of the Rocky Mountains, where he found the Indians in some respects similar, but in others very superior, to their brethren on the nearer side. The country was rich and productive, the people were bold and warlike, divided into tribes, and very jealous of encroachment from their neighbours, although well disposed and friendly to the few Europeans scattered here and there among them at the Company's posts. They dwell in villages, and are very indolent, yet those on the coast, particularly the Cheenock tribe in the neighbourhood of Fort Vancouver, carry on a brisk trade with the neighbouring nations, especially in *slaves*.

Slavery on the shores of the Pacific presents even a more fearful aspect than on those of the Atlantic; for although the principal riches of the chiefs consist in the number of their slaves, any act of disobedience is punished with instant death; and frequently several of these poor creatures are offered up on the grave of their master.

The appearance of the Western Indians is less prepossessing than that of their brethren on the east of the rocky barrier: their complexion is not so dark, and they have even a tinge of red in their cheeks; but their black hair hanging over their shoulders, their high cheek-bones, their artificially flattened foreheads, with their large fiery eyes starting as it were from their sockets, give them an almost unearthly expression. In winter those who can obtain articles of European clothing choose it in preference to their own, but in summer they wear no clothing at all. They are very eager for information, especially on matters of religion; and when Governor Simpson spoke to them on the subject, he found them not only favourably disposed, but earnestly desirous of having teachers sent to them, to lead them into the knowledge of the "Master of Life."

This report awakened increased interest in the heart of Mr. Jones for these remote tribes; he earnestly longed that a Mission might be established among them, and in the contemplation of this exclaims in one of his letters:—

"I hail the prospect of a Mission beyond the Rocky Mountains with emotions of the liveliest joy. The exertions of the Eastern and Western hemispheres seem hastening to a collision. The North-West American Missionary may soon, perhaps, stand on the summit of these mountains, and stretch forth his hands towards the waters of the Southern Sea and hail his brother-labourers in the Islands."

Eager as Mr. Jones's hopes then were, he would not have ventured to anticipate the scene not long since witnessed in the Cathedral of Canterbury,* when two Bishops, the one for China, the other for Rupert's Land,

* May 29th, 1849.

stood side by side, so soon to part, the one for the East, the other for the Western hemisphere — the waves of the North Pacific alone separating, or rather uniting, their respective dioceses; and their next meeting, perchance, to be on Vancouver's Island, or some other spot in that mighty ocean.

But to return from this digression to the Indian school.

The chiefs of these Western Indians, on the banks of the Columbia, had given an earnest of their sincerity in desiring religious knowledge, by entrusting two of their sons to Governor Simpson to be brought up at the Mission School. The autumn of 1825 saw them safely lodged there, and their general conduct was so good, and their progress in Scriptural knowledge so satisfactory, that before Mr. Jones's visit to England in 1828 he baptized them by the names of *Kootamey* and *Spogan Garry*.

During his absence Mr. Cockran was perplexed by their expressing an earnest wish to visit their own country. He greatly feared that the love of home and kindred would induce them to remain; and he knew that as yet their knowledge was too limited, and their principles too unestablished, for them to become fitting guides to their own people. However, he offered no opposition, but committed them in faith and prayer to Him who thus far had led them.

To his great joy they returned in the course of a few months, bringing with them five other boys, four of whom were also sons of chiefs, but of different tribes, and speaking dialects so unlike, that their only intercourse was by signs.

The hopes that Mr. Jones had formed of Kootamey's

future usefulness were blasted soon after his return. During his absence he had received some serious injury by a fall, from which he never recovered, and after much suffering he died on Easter Monday, 1830; though not till he had given good evidence of his being a child of God, washed in the blood of the Lamb. Mr. Jones, while watching by his bedside, was much affected by hearing him frequently, in his delirium, imagine himself to be with his father, anxiously endeavouring to instruct him in the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

His friend, Spogan Garry, continued at the school till 1832, when he returned to his own people. He was well instructed in divine truth, and although Mr. Jones saw in him no evidence of a change of heart, he hoped that his residence among his friends might at all events awaken in them a spirit of inquiry.

He heard nothing of him for several years, till, in 1836, he found by a letter from Mr. Finlayson, the gentleman in charge of Fort Vancouver, that he spent great part of his time in instructing his people, who were so anxious to hear him that they brought presents of various kinds, and indeed seem to have maintained him in Indian abundance.

To Mr. Jones's surprise and gratification, he also found from the same letter that during the visit of Spogan Garry and Koötamey in 1828, these two lads took great pains in instructing their friends in as much as they themselves knew of the truths of the Bible; that they were listened to with the greatest attention; that they prevailed on some of them to observe the Sabbath-day; and that this little band on the banks of the Columbia had remained faithful to their young teachers, and still continued to keep the Lord's day holy.

The anxiety of these poor people for instruction was so great, that Mr. Finlayson speaks of his having been told that at the time the Government expresses were expected to pass Colville House, they would send messengers to inquire if any "new doctrines had arrived."

"I had myself," he says, "a striking instance of this spirit of inquiry among them. I had one day taken my station on an elevated spot near the Kettle Fall, not far from Colville House, that I might overlook the men who were carrying the baggage, and was occasionally glancing at a book in my hand, when my attention was attracted by the voice of a man who was approaching me, and haranguing me with increasing animation as he drew nearer and nearer, while with passionate gestures he pointed alternately to the sun and to the book in my hand. I knew not his language, but I could evidently gather from his action that he thought I could give him information on religious subjects. I could only answer him by signs, and, afraid of conveying erroneous impressions, I made him understand that Spogan Garry was at Colville. He repeated the name two or three times, as if to satisfy himself that he had caught my meaning, and darted off towards the place with the rapidity of lightning. I am convinced that a man of piety, who knew something of the language of these poor people, and devoted himself to their instruction, would soon obtain an unbounded influence over them, and might expect a rich and abundant harvest. I do not know any part of America where the natives could be so easily instructed as on the banks of the Columbia.

"Here then," adds Mr. Jones, "are regions far beyond us in total darkness, stretching out their hands towards us; and yet we cannot meet them. There is, it is true, in this vast wilderness, a small vineyard; there are three roofs * pointing to heaven, and their congregations singing together the triumphs of the cross; but what is this? It is but the oasis of the desert, scarcely enough to relieve the sickening eye of the beholder as he surveys the immense region of darkness and of misery."

It was about this time (1836) that the Americans es-

* Upper and Middle Churches and Grand Rapids.

tablished a Mission in this distant wilderness,—the Rev. J. Lee was stationed on the Wallamattee, Dr. Whitman at Walla Walla, and the Rev. H. Spalding at Koskooska (or Sabnon River), 150 miles higher up the Columbia. They found the chiefs and people very friendly; Mrs. Spalding had no difficulty in collecting 150 children of various ages for her school; and as soon as Mr. Spalding was able to give them a little religious instruction, he found them so eager on the subject that they would sometimes spend whole nights in imparting to others what they themselves had learnt from him.

We learn from other sources that the Americans were induced to establish this Mission by a deputation of Indians, sent to St. Louis from this western country to inquire more particulars about the religion of the "white men," and to request that teachers might be sent; and there seems little or no doubt that the message came from some of those very people who had been awakened to a concern for their souls by the visit of these two youths, or perhaps more recently by Spogan Garry's residence among them.

This persuasion is confirmed by a letter from one of the Missionaries to Mr. Jones in 1837, in which he mentions his surprise on his first going among them at finding a large body of "Spogan Indians" in some degree enlightened as to religious truth, and adds that they had an efficient interpreter, who had been educated at Red River (doubtless Spogan Garry himself), and that he had enjoyed with them "a real Bethel in the woods."

Cayouse Halket was the name of another boy at the Indian school, who had come thither from beyond the Rocky Mountains. He was a pleasing, thoughtful lad,

and gave promise of future usefulness. He visited his friends on the Columbia River in 1834, but not being able to reconcile himself to their mode of life he returned to reside with Mr. Cockran, to whom he made himself very useful in various ways. He was always diligent in his work, and passed his leisure time in reading the Bible or some religious book. Mr. Cockran thought very highly of him in every way, and among other things employed him in endeavouring to teach the Saulteaux Indians at the Lower Encampment (of whom we shall hereafter have occasion to speak) to cultivate the ground; and although, after working hard for them all the day, they would behave insolently to him, and even refuse to give him any food, yet we hear of no complaints from him, nor of any unwillingness to continue his labours for them.

After having been with Mr. Cockran about two years he began to droop, and his watchful friend, finding from the doctor there was no specific disease, feared he must be under the influence of that peculiar complaint incident to young Indians who apply themselves to the arts of civilised life, and which the Indians themselves call "thinking long." The patient loses his strength and spirits without any apparent cause; medical aid is of no avail; no endeavours to amuse or rouse him have any effect, and he gradually sinks into the grave without any specific disease.

It was too surely the case with poor Cayouse. Mr. Cockran used every means to avert the danger, he made him his almost constant companion, and sent him to visit various friends in the neighbourhood. But it was all in vain, nothing succeeded in restoring his strength, or in removing the strong impressions of approaching

death. He lingered for some weeks, and suddenly died when on a visit to one of his friends. "Pious, obedient, and faithful," Mr. Cockran deeply felt his loss.

Another of these Indian scholars was *Colon Leslie*, an Esquimaux from Fort Churchill. He had learnt reading, writing, and arithmetic; and the school being at this time removed to the Grand Rapids, he was there taught husbandry and carpenters' work. He was a very promising youth, and Mr. Cockran looked forward to his being very useful at the Indian Village; but in the spring of 1835 his health declined, and he was soon after attacked with influenza, which was at that time very prevalent in the colony. During his illness he gave satisfactory evidence of being taught of God.

At one time he was in great concern for his own soul, and for the spiritual state of his parents, who were still at Fort Churchill. He wrestled earnestly in prayer to God for them and for himself, and on one occasion, when the distress of his mind was very great, he sent for Mr. Cockran in the night, when the following conversation passed between them:—

Mr. Cockran: "Leslie, what is it that so distresses you?" *Leslie:* "Sir, I am thinking about my poor parents; they have never heard that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners: what will become of them if they never hear of Him! Oh, write to them, and tell them that Christ will save them from everlasting punishment if they believe in Him." Mr. Cockran replied: "Write yourself, that will be much better; for if I write they will say it is I that speak, not you." "I cannot write," he exclaimed; "see how my hands shake!" "Why," asked Mr. Cockran, "have you not written to them long ago?" His answer is very affecting: "I did not then think of the value of my soul; it is only since I began to feel myself a miserable sinner, and to pray in earnest for mercy to myself, that I have become anxious about them. When I saw the wickedness of my own

heart, and felt there was no hope for me but through Christ, then the miserable state of my parents came to my mind. What will they do if they never hear of Christ?"

After this the poor fellow appeared to be recovering, but one day when Mr. Cockran was writing in his study, the servant ran in to say that Leslie was suddenly taken worse, and before he could reach the sick room the ransomed spirit had fled.

The history of *Jack Spense* has appeared more than once in the publications of the Church Missionary Society, but the lustre of divine grace in this poor Indian youth shone so brightly as his life drew near its close, that our "bow of heaven" would be incomplete without some short record of him.

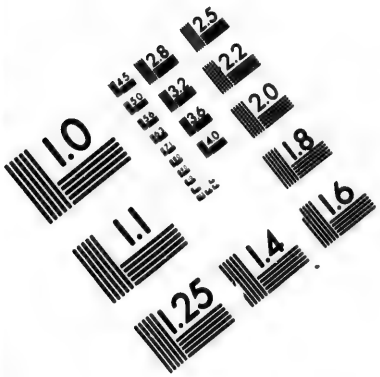
He was a native of Port Nelson River, and had come to Red River in 1824, where he was received into the Indian school, and remained in it for several years. We are not told what became of him after he left school, though probably he was employed in some inferior capacity in the Company's service. In the summer of 1836 Mr. Jones heard that he had returned to the neighbourhood, and was very ill. He went immediately to see him and found him dying of consumption, and in the lowest state of poverty and destitution. He was with two old Indians in a small birch-rind hut, with nothing but a few fern-leaves under him, and an old blanket over him, which was in a condition not to be described. As soon as Mr. Jones had recovered from his astonishment he expressed his surprise at seeing him in this state, and his regret that he had not sooner known about him. The poor boy replied,—

"It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore."

Mr. Jones then inquired as to the state of his mind: to which he answered that he was very happy; that JESUS CHRIST, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had perfect confidence in Him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, Mr. Jones said, "Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that: I hope you find good from it." Weak as the poor fellow was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his almost skeleton hand, while a smile played on his countenance as he said,—

"This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it to me when we all went down to live at Mr. Cockran's. For a long time I have read it much, and often thought of what it told me. Last year I went to see my sister across Lake Winnepeg" (about 200 miles off) "where I remained two months. When I was halfway back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me: I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself tossing to and fro in the canoe before I could reach the place: but I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it again; and ever since that it has been near my breast. And I thought I should have it buried with me, but I have thought since that I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

He was often interrupted by his cough, and when he had finished, sunk down exhausted with the effort of speaking. Mr. Jones read and prayed with him, the hut scarcely allowing him room to kneel upright. It was an affecting and a memorable scene, as the evening sun poured its rays through the holes in the bark with which the hut was covered, and lighted up the countenance of the dying youth. Mr. Jones lost no time in supplying him with every comfort he needed, but his time was come, and in a few days after this conversation he was taken from sin and suffering, and his remains



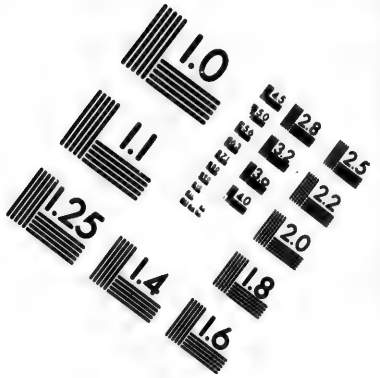
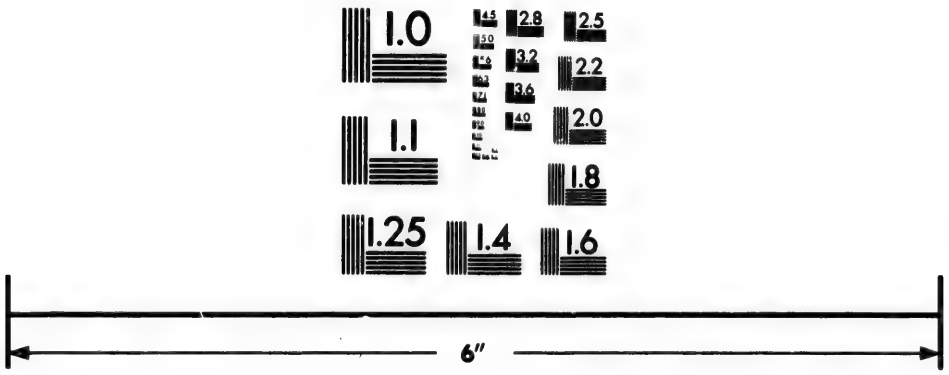
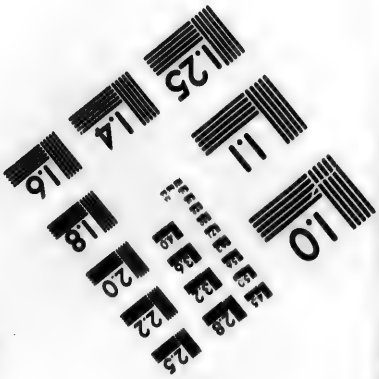


IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

were laid among the "clods of the valley, there to await the sound of the trumpet that shall summon the dead from their graves."

Of many of the companions of these youths we have no record whatever, but of others who are still alive, and are permitted to labour in the LORD'S vineyard, we shall have more to say hereafter. We will therefore now return to the more general affairs of the Mission, and mention that during this period most of the Indians who had been converted by the instrumentality of Mr. Jones had left the Upper Settlement and joined their friends at the Indian Village.

The year 1836 was one of deep and varied trial. Towards the end of August, just as the crops were ripening, a severe frost destroyed all the garden seeds and seriously injured the corn and potatoes; the buffalo-hunters, too, returned once more with empty carts; and though the Missionaries had a sufficient store from the produce of the preceding year to prevent their anticipating for themselves and their families the same actual want of food which they had experienced ten years before, yet they felt for their suffering people, knowing that all the self-denial they could exercise would avail but little to relieve the wants of so many.

"Those," they say, "who have their wants supplied from a regular market, replenished with abundance of home and foreign produce, cannot fully feel how severe this calamity is to us. Separated from civilized society by thousands of miles of trackless wastes, surrounded by savage and improvident tribes, who never think of supplying a want till it is felt,—when the produce of our own industry fails, where can we look for help?"

But this was not the only privation to which our Missionaries were subjected in this trying year.

The boats had, as usual, started early in June for York Fort, to take up the furs collected during the winter at the different posts, and to bring back the accustomed supplies from England. The return of these boats was always looked forward to with intense interest.

"When we have passed," writes Mr. Cockran to the Secretary, "a long winter in solitude, and mixed only with barbarians, or with half-civilized men, who have no European feelings or habits, seeing everything and every person about us so different from all we have been accustomed to, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that we are part of the human family. But when we receive our supplies and letters from England, and realize from the tenderness of their expressions that our friends there sympathize with us, and pray for us, we are reminded of our union with the Church of God. Our souls revive, our strength is renewed, we take our harps from the willows and tune them again to notes of praise."

We can well picture to ourselves the anxious hopes and fears that would occupy the minds of our friends as the usual time of the return of the boats drew near; but now day after day passed, and still no boats appeared—week after week, and still no boats. At length they arrived, but it was only to say that, after waiting as long as it was safe to do so, on account of the rivers being closed by ice, they had returned empty, for that no ships had reached York Fort. It subsequently appeared that the vessels, after having been entangled by icebergs at the entrance of the bay, had neared the shore much later than usual, but before they could be unloaded had been driven off by contrary winds, and after encountering tremendous storms, were obliged to return with their cargoes to England. The mail-bags had, however, with difficulty been put ashore; and,

after a delay of some weeks, the Missionaries had the unexpected joy of getting their letters, though they had to wait another year for the supply of all their other wants. They were in consequence reduced to great straits; but, says Mr. Cockran, "*We have our Bible left!*"

The health, too, of both Mr. Jones and Mr. Cockran had suffered considerably from the climate and from their indefatigable labours, aud during the earlier part of this year they were several times laid low with attacks of serious illness.

But neither the destructive frosts of the summer nor the disappointed hopes of the autumn, nor even the partial failure of health, could touch the little missionary band so keenly as the almost sudden death of Mrs. Jones, in October of the same eventful year.

Gentle and unassuming, full of peace and love to God and man, she had won the hearts of all, while her quiet energy enabled her to conduct the whole affairs of the missionary establishment without throwing any part of the burden on her husband. Never did the death of any Missionary's wife leave a greater blank in the sphere she occupied, nor was there ever a deeper and more affectionate sorrow manifested than by the numbers who attended her funeral. All felt they had lost a mother, but Mr. Jones, now left with five small children, was almost overwhelmed; and though, in the midst of his distress, he could say from his heart, "Good is the Lord, and I can still trust Him," yet he found the care of his children, of the schools, and congregations, too much for his enfeebled health; and, in August 1838, bade adieu to the scenes of his joys, and sorrows, and labours, for the last fifteen years.

Interior of an Indian Tent on the Red River, in 1833.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

"Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain."—*St. James*, v. 7.

EARLY in the spring of 1833 Mr. Cockran stood on a point of land formed by a sharp bend of the river, thirteen miles below his own dwelling at the Rapids, and as he surveyed the scene before him his mind was occupied with thoughts of the misery of the Indians and with plans for their relief. All was a dreary waste; the sweep of the river had formed a kind of bay, the shore of which was lined with wood and tangled thicket that had never yet been disturbed by the hand of man, while one solitary wigwam on the margin of the frozen stream, with its wretched-looking owner breaking through the ice and fishing for his scanty meal, rather added to than relieved the desolation that reigned around.

In October 1835 he again stood on the same spot, and thus records the change which, by God's blessing, two years and a half of unwearying toil had wrought:—

"Now, from the opposite side of the river, I see the village standing along the crescent bay; *twenty-three* little white-washed cottages are shining through the trees, each with its column of smoke curling to the skies, and each with its stacks of wheat and barley. Around them lie various patches of cultivated ground; here and there pigs are seen busily seeking for their food, cows are lowing for their calves, while in the centre stands the school-

house, where sixty merry children, 'just let loose from school,' are leaping, running, or wrestling; and all is life and cheerfulness. It is," continues he, "but a speck in the wilderness, and a stranger might despise it; but we who know the difficulties that have attended the work, can truly say that God hath done great things, were it only that those sheaves of corn have been raised by hands that hitherto had only been exercised in deeds of blood and cruelty to man and beast."

It will be the object of the few following pages to relate the steps which led to this result, and to trace (though faintly) the history of one of the most encouraging instances on record of the blessing bestowed upon strong faith, prayerful hope, and persevering love.

The intercourse that Mr. Jones and Mr. Cockran had with those Indians who had from time to time joined their respective congregations, convinced them that the only effectual mode of permanently benefiting this people was by forming an exclusively Indian settlement, where the peculiarities of their minds and habits could more freely develope themselves, and be more effectually directed, than when dwelling among a mixed population.

They foresaw many and great difficulties in this plan, but they resolved to attempt it; and having obtained permission from England, Mr. Cockran undertook to begin the work.

The chief difficulties arose from the character and habits of the Indians themselves. Sunk as they were in the scale of society, their pride and self-sufficiency almost exceeded belief. The arts of civilisation, especially of husbandry, were looked upon by them as derogatory to the free unfettered Red man, and only fit for degraded Europeans; and they turned with disdain and strong aversion, not only from the religion of the white man, but from all his modes of life

Even in those cases where this prejudice had in some measure given way, there were other difficulties to contend with, in their ignorance of every art, in their utter helplessness and indifference.

"When," says Mr. Cockran, "the Indian steps on shore from his birch-rind canoe, his blanket thrown over his naked shoulders, in one hand his gun, with which to procure his next meal, and on his other arm a small hatchet with which to cut the poles for his tent, followed by his family as peeled as himself—a few pieces of birch-rind for their tent, and a kettle to cook their food, constituting the whole of their property;—if such a man even wishes to change his habits, how is he to do it? He has neither knowledge nor implements of husbandry, nor power of obtaining either. All must be gratuitously bestowed upon them, if we would locate them; and we must locate them before we can preach the Gospel to them.*

A still more serious obstacle to the improvement of the Indians arose from their almost universal habits of intoxication. "Fire-water" had been but too freely supplied to them in exchange for their furs, and though about this time the authorities forbade the sale of it at Red River, the system was openly carried on at other places, and clandestinely even there.

But Mr. Cockran's mind and energies were only quickened by difficulties, and early in 1830 he began to take measures for the accomplishment of his long-cherished scheme.

Between the Rapids and the Lake lay a considerable tract of country, called the Indian Reserves, belonging to a portion of the Saulteaux tribe; and it was

* It must not be supposed that Mr. Cockran held the erroneous opinion that civilisation, *in itself*, in any degree facilitated the reception of the Gospel, but the case of the Red Indian was a peculiar one and required a peculiar course of proceeding.

on some spot within those limits that Mr. Cockran desired to form the settlement.

The consent of Pigwys, the chief, must first, however, be obtained; and this was no easy matter, for, naturally enough, the Indians are very jealous of any encroachment on their lands, or on their liberty: they could neither understand nor believe the possibility of disinterested kindness; and they had no feeling of sin, or fear of eternal misery, that would make them desire the Gospel for its own sake.

"In vain," writes Mr. Cockran, "do we stand and cry, 'Come, ye thirsty, and drink!' for the heathen thirst not; in vain do we invite them to buy pardoning mercy and renewing grace without money and without price, for they feel not the want of either. I do not, therefore, intend to go to Pigwys and his tribe with the proposal of *instructing* them—this would be useless. They think themselves much wiser than we are, and when they intend to compliment us, they will tell us we are almost as wise and as good as an Indian. So I lay wisdom and goodness aside, for I have found from six years' experience that making pretensions to these will not obtain the desired end. The Indian thinks himself cheated always and by every one, and to offer religion to him for its own sake and his soul's sake only raises new suspicions. My only hope of success is to induce them to settle for their own temporal benefit, and at the same time to preach to them the glad tidings of a Saviour's love."

Mr. Cockran had several conversations with the chief, but without success. It was in vain that he represented to him the advantages of settling, the greater certainty of food, and a warm habitation for the winter; that he promised to come himself and help him, to supply him with implements, and to build a house for him. The old man still objected, giving as his chief reason that if they forsook the customs of their ancestors, and laid aside their "medicine," their drums, and their conjur-

ations, the Master of Life would be angry with them, and would not prosper them in their hunting and fishing expeditions.

It was strange that the unsoundness of this reason did not strike him, as it was several times brought forward on some of his frequent visits to Mr. Cockran's house to beg from him some food for his family, especially for meal to thicken their musk-rat soup!

Sometimes these conversations took place at the chief's own abode, and Mr. Cockran thus describes one of his visits there:—

"The lower part of his miserable tent was formed of birch-rind, and the upper part of long grass. Five young children — dirty, and almost naked — sat round a small fire in the middle, the smoke of which filled the tent. His eldest daughter was boiling a kettle of soup made of haws and water, having failed in procuring anything more substantial."

It was rather a favourable opportunity to press the subject of cultivation, for Pigwys complained of having been very unsuccessful during the autumn, and of being *three hundred rats* in debt, and seemed half inclined to try some new experiment.

But he could not quite conquer his prejudices, and, speaking of the altered condition of the Indians since the white man had appeared among them, exclaimed,—

"Before you whites came to trouble the ground, our rivers were full of fish and our woods of deer; our creeks abounded in beavers, and our plains were covered with buffaloes. But now we are brought to poverty. Our beavers are gone for ever, our buffaloes are fled to the lands of our enemies, the number of our fish is diminished, our cats and our rats are few in number, the geese are afraid to pass over the smoke of your chimneys, and we are left to starve. While you whites are growing rich upon the very dust of our fathers, troubling the plains with the plough,

covering them with cows in the summer, and in winter feeding your cattle with hay from the very swamps whence our beavers have been driven!"

The following winter proved a very severe one; and in the spring of 1831 Mr. Cockran renewed his proposals, strengthening his arguments by a reference to his own circumstances,—

"Six times," said he, "has that river been frozen since I came to your country, and as many times has it been open again. Six times have the flocks of wild-fowl passed and repassed; I diminished not their number, nor retarded their flight. Yet you see I have enough. Every time you have passed my house I have fed you when hungry, and often sent you away laden with provisions. Still I am not in want. I have a house, a field, a garden, cows, and pigs. I have enough to feed my family, my servants, and the Indian children, and to give to the passing stranger.

"Now, if you will let me come and farm at your encampment, it shall be entirely for the benefit of yourself and your tribe. I will teach you; I will supply you with hoes and with seed; I will send a man with oxen to plough the land; I will help you to build comfortable houses, and to preserve the corn and potatoes for winter use."

The sufferings of the winter had inclined the chief to listen more favourably to this proposal; he even himself cordially acquiesced in it, and promised to consult his tribe on the subject. Mr. Cockran was quite encouraged. "If I can once," said he, "get a footing among them, and make them see that I have a desire for their welfare, their prejudices against myself as a white man, and against the message I bear, will soon vanish." Pigwys, however, found that the principal men of his tribe objected to the plan; he himself hesitated; and again the summer passed without anything being done.

The next winter was still more severe than the preceding one, and the half-starved Indians seemed so much more inclined to listen to his proposals, that our Missionary determined without loss of time to seek for an eligible spot.

About fifteen miles below the Rapids, on the opposite side of the river, there was a part of the Indian Reserves called Netley Creek, much resorted to by the Saulteaux of the neighbourhood. Here, in spring and autumn, there was usually a large gathering of the tribe to consult the chief conjurer on their good or ill-fortune; here many of them would encamp for a few weeks at a time during their short summer, and it was here that Pigwys' tent was generally to be found.

Mr. Cockran thought that this might be a promising spot on which to begin his operations, and in April 1832 he set out to examine it. After a wearisome journey—partly on horseback through a succession of swamps, and partly in a small canoe, making his way between large blocks of ice piled one upon another—he reached the place; and though he found it far less suitable than he expected, he determined to begin at once, and sent down two men and a yoke of oxen to break up the ground.

But by this time the rivers were open, the fish was plentiful, the Indians had forgotten the miseries of the past winter, and they raised fresh difficulties. They now determined to allow no further steps to be taken till they had consulted their chief "medicine man," or conjurer, who was preparing for the annual feast and incantations: this took place at the end of May, and Mr. Cockran was invited to attend. He found a large

tent had been pitched, and was directed to the east end, where the chief was sitting, fanning himself with the skin of a musk-rat. Pieces of riband and cloth were hanging all round the tent,—the offerings of these poor people to the conjurer, who were "thus giving what they could ill spare in order to be told a lie; while to the truth, which they might have had without money and without price, they would not listen." There were as many as one hundred and fifty, men, women, and children, crowded together in the tent, the top of which was open, and admitted the rays of a cloudless sun; and here the whole party were engaged in dancing, shouting, singing, and drumming, shaking their rattles, and running round and round the tent. The weather was extremely warm, the skins of these naked barbarians had been well rubbed with sturgeon-oil, and we shall not wonder that our Missionary soon found himself obliged to escape into the open air, without waiting for the conclusion of the proceedings. Knowing that this conjurer was a clever but ill-disposed man, and that any improvement among the Indians would endanger his craft, Mr. Cockran greatly feared that the oracle would be unpropitious; but God in some way overruled the expected opposition, and he was allowed to proceed.

To those who have the opportunity and leisure to read them, the details of this first establishment of the Indian settlement afford a very instructive lesson. Nothing could be more discouraging, whether we look at the indifference and opposition of the Indians, the nature of the only available land, or the amount of the resources required compared with the very small means

that were within his reach. But Mr. Cockran conferred not with flesh and blood, not even with his own occasional misgivings: moved with compassion for the people, and longing to extend his Master's kingdom, he grasped the promises of God with an unyielding, though sometimes a trembling faith, and all the warmth of his heart and the activity of his mind were directed to this object. His "work of faith and labour of love" were unfailing; but it is his "patience of hope" to which we would especially direct the attention of our younger readers.

Knowing the incalculable importance of the work, and believing that, with God's help, it might be accomplished, he did not suffer his thoughts to be occupied in considering *whether* it should be attempted, but concentrated his whole mind and energies on the *best mode* of carrying it out; and we only wish we could place before them more in detail the unconquered perseverance with which he met and overcame his daily difficulties and disappointments.

Determined to make at once a decided effort, he left his home and congregation, and taking with him two of his own servants and a yoke of oxen, set off for Netley Creek. Here he pitched his leathern tent, and though the men and oxen, as well as himself, suffered much at times from want of proper shelter, he continued here, week after week, returning to the Rapids on the Saturday and back again to his work on the Monday.

At this time there were about two hundred Indians in the encampment, but he could only prevail upon seven of them to attempt cultivation, and even these could not be depended on. If the weather were bad,

they would not stir from their tents; and if fine, they were as likely to set off on a fishing expedition as to assist in clearing the ground for their own crops.

One incident is too characteristic to be omitted. Some of the ground was prepared, and Mr. Cockran wished to send to the Rapids for the seed. He applied to the chief for two of the young men to take a canoe and fetch it, while he would ride home and prepare it for them; but though it was solely for their own use, not one would move, till at last one of the sons of the chief offered to ride Mr. Cockran's horse if he would take charge of the canoe! Unmoved by the rudeness and selfishness of this proposal, Mr. Cockran acceded to it, and in a moment the lad was mounted, his blanket thrown over his right shoulder, his hair adorned with narrow ribands, streaming behind his back, while his heel was diligently employed in urging the horse to its utmost speed. Off he flew as proud as possible, and was out of sight in an instant among the tall poplars, leaving Mr. Cockran and his servant to paddle the canoe fifteen miles against the current to fetch seed for his own people!

Thus it went on, day after day, till there was as much seed sown as there was ground cleared to receive it, Mr. Cockran taking every opportunity of bringing forward some portion of Divine Truth, here a little and there a little, as his hearers could bear it.

Much as Mr. Cockran suffered from fatigue and anxiety, and occasionally from cold and want of proper food, this residence at Netley Creek was not without its use. It not only brought him to a more intimate acquaintance with the minds and habits of the Indians,

but it enabled him to form a more just and encouraging estimate of the work that was going on in his own congregation.

"While at home," he says, "and seeing the inconsistencies and shortcomings of some of my flock, I am apt to imagine things are going on badly with us, and I ask, 'Is the Lord among us, or not?' But when I go to Netley Creek, and see the inhabitant of the forest with his miserable blanket wrapped round him; or when I witness the emblems of terror painted on many a face, and hear the woods resound with the terrific notes of the war-song,—then I can see that the Lord has done great things for us, whereof we may well rejoice. Such were some of my own people, and such, but for Divine grace, might we all have been."

And again :—

"Night and day do the woods at Netley Creek resound with the deadening and depressing sounds of the conjurer's drum and rattle. Every time he strikes his drum, regularly and steadily as the ticking of a clock, and shouts out his dismal 'Ho, ho, ho!' I feel my spirits sink, and an Indian apathy seems to come over my whole frame. But when, on Saturday afternoon, I return to my dear family and comfortable home, all my better feelings are brought back again. One day in the house of God is better than a thousand; and my Sunday services with my devout and increasing congregation (now about 250), make me forget the toils, the griefs, the gloomy thoughts of the past week, and prepare me for the troubles of the next."

Three rude dwellings were soon constructed, one for the chief, another for an Indian of the name of "Red Deer," who showed a desire to settle, and the third for a servant of Mr. Cockran's; but one shudders to read that the man who assisted in the building these cottages was called "Cannibal," from his having devoured *nine* of his own relations in a time of scarcity.

The first few months were months of great anxiety to Mr. Cockran. The summer proved wet and stormy, and in August a sharp frost injured the potatoes; the Indians were discouraged, and even Pigwys himself returned to his old idea that the "Master of Life" was angry with these "troublers of the soil;" while the "medicine men" left no means untried to dissuade the cultivators from reaping the very crops they had with so much difficulty been persuaded to sow.

It was a time of anxious suspense, and great was Mr. Cockran's joy when, on Sept. 3d, 1832, he found the Indians beginning to reap their barley, and though they would only work for an hour at a time, and then would light their pipes and sit down to rest, yet in the course of a few days their little harvest was safely housed. Four out of the seven consumed the produce immediately in Indian feasts; and only three, one of whom was Pigwys, reserved the produce for winter store. But small as the quantity was, the advantage and comfort they found from it encouraged themselves and others to future efforts, so that, in the following spring, the number of cultivators was increased to fourteen.

Circumstances, however, induced Mr. Cockran to think it advisable to form another settlement; and with the cordial consent of the chief he fixed on Sugar Point (so called from the sugar-maple trees with which it abounded), two miles nearer to the Rapids, as a more suitable spot for a permanent establishment. One motive that influenced him was the hatred and jealousy that existed between the Saulteaux and the Crees, the former being the more wild and ferocious, and the latter having the reputation of greater skill in sorcery.

A touching incident occurred to Mr. Cockran in illustration of this. He mentions a visit he paid to the chief, whom he found in his tent with the conjurer, and another man, a Saulteaux, whose face was blackened with charcoal in token of grief. It seems he had lately lost two relations by sudden death, occasioned, as he was persuaded, by the incantations of the Crees, and his melancholy countenance told plainly his apprehensions of soon sharing the same fate himself. He was now taking counsel with the conjurer and with the chief how best to avert the danger, and the conference would probably have ended in the murder of some of the Crees. Our Missionary entered into conversation with him, showing him the improbability of the supposition, and the folly of thus attempting to avoid the danger, even if it were real.

Sometimes, as he listened to these arguments, a gleam of hope would brighten the countenance of the poor man, and his eyes would sparkle at the idea that perhaps his fears might be ungrounded, and his life be yet prolonged. But soon the awful thought would return that, possibly even now, some conjurer among the Crees was using against him the fatal spell, and again his countenance resumed its look of terror and despair. "How beautiful," exclaims Mr. Cockran, after narrating the circumstance, "does the Gospel appear when contrasted with such gloomy superstition! Well may the Christian rejoice in his own clear light and peaceful prospects, and well may he mourn over, and strive to remove, the awful darkness of his fellow men!"

Mr. Cockran accordingly began the new settlement at Sugar Point in the spring of 1833; it was one extremity of the "crescent bay," of which we spoke before,

and our readers will perhaps already have concluded that this was the commencement of the Indian Village.

Henceforward it became the point to which the Missionary's attention was chiefly directed, and in the next chapter we will relate something of the progress of his work there.

that

Mis-
next
f his

The Rev. D. Jones taking Leave of the People of the Indian Village.

CHAPTER VII.

INDIAN VILLAGE CONTINUED—PIGWYS.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—*Gal.* vi. 9.

THE cultivation of the new settlement was, as we have said, begun in the spring of 1833, and though the progress was slow, it was steady. A house was built for the Chief, who willingly took up his abode here, and one Indian after another (chiefly from the Crees) joined him, and set to work in good earnest to clear the ground, to sow their seed, and to build for themselves small and rough, but substantial dwellings. The walls of these cottages were made of logs of oak or maple, plastered with mud, and neatly whitewashed; the roofs were thatched with reeds, and covered with earth; and for their windows they used the skins of fish.

One of Mr. Cockran's first cares was to build a school room, and, after much persuasion, he prevailed on the parents to send their children for instruction; but he found the management of these untamed beings no easy task. The Indians never control their children, nor will they suffer them to be controlled by others; and as knowledge was as yet of no value in their eyes, the only method of obtaining even an occasional attendance was by giving them one meal in the day, and providing them with warm clothing in the winter. The interior of the schoolroom presented for some time a strange scene of confusion and disorder.

The Rev. D. Jones taking Leave of the People of the Indian Village.

"If," says Mr. Cockran, "we had the same number of the wildest birds in the forest let loose in a room, we should not find it more difficult to move among them. They run in and out, learn or play, according to their pleasure, quarrel with each other, and always seek to settle their quarrels by the knife or the bow and arrow. To assume anything like authority would be to drive them away."

Mr. Cockran, however, was happy in finding a master, Mr. Cook, who partook of his own devotedness and perseverance; and by gentle persuasion and almost imperceptible restraint, succeeded by degrees in bringing the school into something like order. The children began to take pleasure in learning, the knife and the bows and arrows were reserved for more fitting use, and in about two years the school assumed the appearance which we have described in the preceding chapter. Not that it was possible ever to bring it to the regularity of an English school. The susceptibility of the boys to the complaint called "thinking long," made it necessary for Mr. Cook to allow them to go out to hunt or fish whenever they liked; and yet even with this precaution several of them died.

The first year that cultivation was attempted here the crops were tolerably good, and Mr. Cockran urged them to reserve a sufficient quantity for seed for the ensuing spring; but in vain: they could not overcome their own habits of improvidence, nor resist the importunities of their wandering relations.

"My relations from the woods," replied Red Deer to Mr. Cockran, "come to me and say, 'My brother, you are rich, you have a house, you are warm, you eat, but we are cold and hungry;' so I let them come and warm themselves at my fire, and sleep in my room. I cook for them, they eat; and when they go away,

they say 'Give us a little to take away.' I give, I give, but they are scarcely gone when others come. I cook, I give, I give, they soon will have the whole."

It was easier to Red Deer to give till all was gone, and then to depend on Mr. Cockran for support, than to refuse these idle wanderers, or to help them only on the condition that in the spring they would help themselves.

The consequence was that they were left without seed-corn or potatoes; and as the store of the Missionaries was too low to afford them any effectual assistance, their fields in 1834 would have remained unsown, and all the improvement that had taken place would have been lost, had not the people at the Rapids nobly come forward to their assistance; and though themselves straitened by having to repair the injury done to their own church by lightning, generously sent them a large supply of wheat, barley, and potatoes, for seed.

Gradually, however, the Indians improved in these respects; and we have seen the testimony which Mr. Cockran himself bore of the state of the village two years and a half after its commencement.

The erection of a mill had greatly aided in this improvement; hitherto the people had been accustomed to dry the corn in a pan and bruise it between two stones; but this mill not only enabled them to get proper meal, and make it into wholesome bread, but it seemed to develope a new character in them. Nothing that had yet been done had served to rouse them so effectually from their natural apathy as this did. On the day on which it was first used, Mr. Cockran rode down to see it, and found the whole village in a state of bustle and excite ment. Some were threshing their corn, some carrying it to the mill on their shoulders, or dragging it on a

sledge, while an eager group were at the mill itself, waiting till their turn should come, or handling the meal as it fell into the box, scarcely able to persuade themselves that this was indeed the produce of their own industry.

The improvement in their moral and religious state kept pace with that of their social habits. From the first, their minister had, while assisting them in their work, taken every opportunity of scattering the seeds of Divine truth, though for some time there was no appearance of its taking root. In December 1833, he commenced a weekly evening meeting, but for some time with little to cheer him. The attendance was very small; some were afraid of hearing their sins condemned; others were conjurers, who imagined that if they listened to the Word of God their magical power would depart from them; and Mr. Cockran's homeward ride of thirteen miles, often through storm and snow, was saddened with the feeling that he was spending his strength for nought.

But before very long a little gleam of light appeared; the few who did attend continued very steadily, and seemed impressed. Early in the spring a woman applied for baptism, others followed her example, and after a few months of diligent instruction the foundation of a Christian Church was laid here by the baptism of ten adults and as many children.

It was soon after this that Mr. Cockran was summoned to a distressing scene. One of the Indians, who had a cottage and field, and who had for many months regularly attended the means of grace, and conducted himself with the greatest propriety, had, for some time past, wished to be baptized; but his wife and mother so

violently opposed this that he deferred speaking to Mr Cockran on the subject, hoping that their prejudice would subside. After a while he was taken ill; and the wife and mother, notwithstanding his entreaties to the contrary, sent for the conjurer, who invoked the spirits of the wind, the forest, the sea, and the dead, to restore him to health.

We may suppose the distress this caused to the poor man, but it led him to a determination no longer to delay sending for his minister, whom he entreated to baptize him. Mr. Cockran, anxious to know the state of his mind, attempted to enter into conversation with him, but the two women, unmindful of the sick man's suffering, assailed them both with such a torrent of abuse, that conversation was impossible. With great difficulty Mr. Cockran prevailed on them to leave the house; and then, when all was quiet, and he had ascertained his fitness for the rite, he baptized him and two of his children, who attended the school. Two days afterwards he died in peace, the first-fruits of the Indian Village.

A few months later, Mr. Cockran had the privilege of baptizing several other persons, some of whose cases were very interesting, and none, perhaps, more so than that of the widow of the man above-mentioned, who, having been softened and awakened to a concern for her soul by the conduct and death of her husband, began to attend the weekly meetings, received regular instruction, and at last joined herself to the people of the Lord.

In January 1835, Mr. Cockran began an afternoon's service on the Lord's day; more he could not attempt, for his own congregation occupied him in the morning and the evening; and he could expect no help from Mr.

Jones, on whom lay the charge of the Upper and Middle churches. Early in the following year, the number of regular attendants had increased to 100; and the almost unhoped-for prospect of an Indian Church began to open upon him. His congregation at the Rapids took great interest in the plan, and with their accustomed liberality and kindness gave him all the help in their power, some of them walking twenty-six miles to give him an occasional day's work gratuitously.

The Indians themselves were very much pleased with the idea, but whether from any remains of a superstitious feeling, or only from their natural apathy, could not be induced to set about digging the foundations, till, in June 1836, Mr. Cockran began the work with his own hands. They then readily joined him, and the work was carried on with such spirit, that before the end of the year the church was completed, and this fresh testimony for God on the banks of Red River was added to the pretty picture already described.*

This steady industry was the more encouraging, as the want of the supplies from England prevented Mr. Cockran from being able fully to remunerate them for their work, or to give the usual supply of clothing to their children. Their own crops, too, had failed, and they were often entirely dependent for their support on

* Mr. Jones, alluding to a service he held here in the following summer, speaks of the scene as most picturesque:—

"The clump of trees in which the church stands was in full foliage, the doors and windows were open on account of the heat, and the eye caught glimpses of the river gliding past in glassy smoothness between the trunks of ancient and decaying trees. The people before me were all Indians, the feeble remains of a nation passing into oblivion."

a hook or a net let down through ice three feet in thickness. And yet these people would go entirely without food, rather than either hunt or fish on the Lord's day.

At length the time arrived when the Church was to be opened, and January 4, 1837, was fixed on for the purpose.

It was not only the eye of the Indian that glistened with thankful joy on that occasion. The weather was stormy and bitterly cold, the snow fell so fast that the track was invisible, yet so great an interest had been felt in the erection of this Church, that all the officers of the Company within reach, and a large number of settlers from the neighbourhood, made their way through storm and snow to be present at the opening of it.

The little Church was full, and few among the assembled throng could remain unmoved at the sight of above two hundred of these once half-naked savages, now "clothed and in their right mind," joining with seriousness in the responses, listening attentively to the sermon, or, with sweet and well-tuned voices, singing the praises of Him who had done such great things for them. Mr. Cockran's own heart overflowed with gratitude, and even Mr. Jones's sorrow-stricken spirit was filled with joy.

There was one present on that joyful day whose eye shone as brightly, and whose heart glowed as fervently as any there, and to whom Mr. Cockran looked for future usefulness, but who was soon, in the inscrutable Providence of God, called up from the congregation on earth to join the company of the redeemed above. This was one of the sons of the Chief, who had been brought up in the school, and whose heart had been opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. He had at his bap-

tism received the name of George Prince; and finding he was a clever lad, Mr. Cockran took him to reside with him, that he might be further instructed in the Holy Scriptures, and might acquire a better knowledge of English.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than his conduct. His anxious desire to impart to his countrymen a knowledge of the Saviour whom he had himself found and loved, stimulated him to a steady application to his studies, while, in the intervals of relaxation, he showed none of the usual indolence and selfishness of the Indian character. He would never see Mr. Cockran at work without coming to assist him ; and though often scoffed at by some passing Indians, who would call him "slave," and hold him up to ridicule, this never moved him from his purpose nor roused his spirit.

Thus he went on, "a faithful friend and willing helper" to his benefactor, till the autumn of 1837, when he seemed unwell; and Mr. Cockran, knowing the prejudices still remaining in the Indian mind against European nursing, sent him home: here he grew worse, medical advice was of no avail; he lingered for three weeks, and then fell asleep in Jesus. During this period he gave abundant proof of the reality of the work of the Holy Spirit in his heart. His faith and hope rested unhesitatingly on Christ, whom he boldly confessed before his people, begging his father and his friends not to weep for him, as he was going to live with God, where he should be for ever happy, and urging on them to learn the way of salvation, so that when they died he should meet them again. His earthly remains now rest in the little churchyard of the Indian Village.

During the last two years the settlement had been gradually increased by the arrival of families from a distance, and now extended at intervals nearly three miles along the river. Some of the inhabitants still remained heathen, but at the time of the opening of the Church there were, we are told, forty-seven Christian families, consisting of two hundred and sixty individuals, residing there, and listening to the sound of the Gospel. Great had been the change effected by that sound. Formerly they had been addicted to every crime, but all had been renounced. Drunkenness and licentiousness, heretofore so general, were now not to be found; and though they still had many peculiarities and infirmities, and many old habits were still cleaving to them, yet their hearts' desire was to serve God wholly, and to love their neighbours as themselves. The congregation averaged above two hundred, and nowhere could a more devout and attentive one be met with. Their heathen neighbours had become more orderly, for in 1835, when Divine worship was first established, the services were often interrupted by the din of the conjurer's drum, but now all was quiet, and the Sabbath was as well observed there as in any English village. "Little, indeed, still," says Mr. Cockran, "when compared with other Missions, or with the wide extent of heathenism around, yet great when compared with former days, or when viewed in the light of eternity."

The number of Christians continued to increase; and one interesting case, among others, was that of a noted conjurer, who had taken up his residence here some time before, but continued violently opposed to Christianity. When his children came to school, it was with the imprecations of his gods upon their heads; and

when his daughter, who was soon able to read, tried to persuade him to listen to some of God's Word, he would sneer at her, and tell her she was going to ruin. After this he gave her in marriage to a heathen man, who had come from some distant place; and when the poor girl entreated that she should not be obliged to accompany him, her father forced her into the canoe with his own paddle. Unable to endure the miseries of her new life, she made her escape at the beginning of the winter, and returned to the village. Soon after, she and two of her brothers were taken ill, and were very anxious to be baptized, when the strong feeling of parental affection overcame every other, and the father himself took the message to Mr. Cockran. Mr. Cockran gladly consented, but only on condition that he would himself bring them to the Church, and publicly declare that he would allow them the free exercise of their religion. It was a great struggle for the poor man, for he feared that if he entered a Christian place of worship his occult art would depart from him; but at last he ventured to the door, and gradually moved into the Church itself to witness the baptism of his children. It seems to have made an impression upon him, for he soon after put himself under Christian instruction, and was baptized in the summer of 1837. After his conversion he assured Mr. Cockran that his former conjuring was not imposture, and that he was convinced he had the power of invoking spirits, who would answer his questions, and sing and dance at his command. He told him that he had obtained the power by fasting for eight days for this express purpose

But a still more interesting case was that of the Chief himself, Pigwys, in whom we doubt not that our readers

have already felt some concern. They will remember the doubts and difficulties with which he gave his consent to Mr. Cockran to endeavour to form an Indian settlement; but from the time that consent was given he never wavered, continuing firm and faithful, notwithstanding the violent opposition of his tribe, who were made still more angry by seeing the Crees profiting by the advantages which they themselves continued to refuse.

They went so far as to set up his eldest son as a rival to him, intending to deprive him of his chieftainship, but the scheme failed, and the young man left the neighbourhood and joined a distant portion of the tribe.

Throughout all this affair, Pigwys behaved with the greatest moderation; indeed, the whole of his character was undergoing a complete change, his old habits of sin were broken through, and he appeared not far from the kingdom of God. He had for a long time regularly attended all the means of grace, had sent his children to the school, and, as we have seen, had allowed one of them to be baptized.

The illness and death of this young man were severe trials to his father's faith: his heathen friends gathered round him, attributing his illness to his having forsaken the religion of his forefathers, and eagerly pressing to have the usual conjurations performed for him. But the good old man steadfastly refused. "Brethren," he said, "you are too late; I have given up my heart to this new religion, and I intend to prove that I can leave my son in the hands of God."

All this time Pigwys remained unbaptized; he had often applied for baptism; he had given up his old sins

and drunkenness, which had been his besetting one, was no longer a habit; but Mr. Cockran knew that he could not always resist the invitation, when visiting at the Upper Settlement, to take *a little*, which often grew to *more*, and he still occasionally returned home in a state very unfit for a Christian.

But by the grace of God this last chain of sin was at last effectually broken through; and in February 1838, his minister had the joy of receiving this faithful, upright friend, into the fold of Christ's Church.

The distance of the Indian Village from the Rapids was a great disadvantage to the people, for though, notwithstanding the failure both in his health and spirits, Mr. Cockran never suffered either cold, or heat, or rain, or melting snow to interfere with his Sunday service there, yet it was but seldom that he could visit it during the week, and both himself and the people deeply felt the importance of having a resident clergyman among them.

In August 1838, Mr. Jones visited the village before he took his departure for England. He held divine service in the Church, and gave a parting address, after which Pigwys stepped into the aisle and said, "You have spoken as you always do, as a father to his children, and I wish all would listen to you. I send by you a letter to the Missionary men in England: tell them not to forget me—I want the word of life to be always spoken in my land."

Another Indian, a chief of the Muscaigoes, then came forward and spoke to the same effect, adding with great vehemence, "Tell them to make haste, time is short, and death is snatching away our friends very fast; tell them to make haste." There were from 200 to 250 In-

dians present, and as Mr. Jones stood at the church door to shake hands with each one as he passed, there was scarcely a dry eye among them. How different from the stoical indifference of their former character! (P. 12.)

The following is the letter sent by the Chief to the Church Missionary Society, accompanied with a calumet, or pipe of peace, made of the peculiar red stone considered sacred among them :—

"My Friends, "*August*, 1, 1838.

"It has never been my custom to leave off in the midst of my work, but to finish it off hand; and what I said to you in my former letter I intend to adhere to, to the end of my life. My friends, my heart is sore to see our praying-master (Mr. Cockran) driven about like a slave, to teach all the people here. You cannot know how far he has to go; I think you are killing our friend; you should send another to teach us. My friends, what are you about? There is not a summer but some of the French praying-masters arrive, but I do not wish to go to them; I wish you alone to teach me the word of God. I am getting very old, my friends, but there are young people growing up who are instructed to seek everlasting life, and I sincerely hope they will find it. I do not now look so much to my body as to my soul, and I intend therefore to hold fast to your instructions. It was fully my intention that my son, whose hand wrote to you for me last year, should have been useful to you, but he is now no more; he has left me for ever; he sleeps by your church, and I hope to sleep there too. I hope, therefore, you will more particularly consider my case. You may, perhaps, be discouraged as you hear that many of my young men do not wish to follow your doctrine; but, you know, perseverance goes a great way, and I think in time many will be brought in.

"WILLIAM KING,
"*Chief of the Red River Indians.*"

So anxious was the good old man upon this subject, that as Mr. Jones was getting into his canoe he again

came up to him and said, "Do you send me a letter next spring, that I may know what to expect."

Several others of the principal men sent also a letter to the Committee, but we must reserve this for the next chapter.

letter

letter
or the

The Missionary's Ride to his Distant Church along the Half-frozen River.

CHAPTER VIII.

INDIAN VILLAGE—RAPIDS—BURNING OF PRAIRIES.

"I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon."—*Hosea*, xiv. 5.

At the end of the last chapter we promised our readers that we would lay before them the letter sent to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society by some of the principal men at the Indian Village, and though, as they will find, it differs considerably from that of their chief, it contains, as that did, the genuine expressions of the feelings of our Red brethren. It is as follows:—

"August 1, 1838.

"Servants of the Great God,

"We once more call to you for help, and hope our cry will avail. You sent us what you called the word of God; we left our hunting-grounds, and came to hear it. But we did not altogether like it, for it told us to leave off drunkenness and adultery, to keep only one wife, to cast away our idols and all our bad heathen ways; but as it still repeated to us that, if we did not, the great God would send us to the great devil's fire; by the goodness of God we saw at last it was true. We now like the word of God, and we have left off our sins; we have cast away our rattles, our drums, and our idols, and all our bad heathen ways. But what are we to do, our friends? Mr. Jones is going to leave us; Mr. Cockran talks of it. Must we turn to our idols and gods again? or must we turn to the French praying-masters? We see three French praying-masters have come to the River and not one for us! What is this, our friends? The word of God says that one soul is worth more than all the world; surely then, our friends, three hundred souls are worth one praying-

master! It is not once or twice a-week teaching that is enough to make us wise; we have a bad heart, and we hate our bad hearts and all our evil ways, and we wish to cast them all away, and we hope in time, by the help of God, to be able to do it. But have patience, our friends; we hope our children will do better, and will learn to read God's book, so as to go forth to their country-people to tell them the way of life, and that many may be saved from the great devil's fire.

"We hope you will pity us, and hear our cry, and send us a father to live with us here to teach us. We thank you all for what you have done for us, and for sending us the Word of Life, and may the great God be kind to you all. We feel our hearts sore when we think of you all, and the praying-masters that are here: we pray for you and for them, and shall still do so."

These letters, as might be expected, were read with great interest by the Committee; and our readers will be glad to find that, after some little time, they felt themselves enabled to answer the appeal.

In the meantime the departure of Mr. Jones left the colony more destitute than before; the care of the four churches and their congregations, extending thirty miles along the river, lay entirely on Mr. Cockran, and we can only thankfully rejoice that he was enabled, though "in weariness and painfulness," to continue thus alone at his post for fourteen months, till the arrival of the Rev. W. Smithurst in the autumn of 1839.

Except in summer, when boats could pass up and down the river, the communication between the Rapids and the Indian settlement was at this time very difficult. There was no road for the latter half of the distance; and though, in winter, Mr. Cockran could ride with safety along the frozen surface of the stream, in spring and autumn this course was scarcely practicable. Often the surface would thaw, and freeze again with a deceitful crust of ice, too thin to bear his weight, and at every

step his horse's feet would sink, through several inches of water, to the unthawed mass below, while the half-thawed, half-freezing mud upon the banks was still more perilous.

Though undeterred by these or any other difficulties,* his progress was, of course, frequently delayed; but his congregations never seem to have been weary of waiting for him, and on one occasion he tells us that he found on his arrival they had been four hours in the church.

An occasional Sunday service was all that Mr. Cockran could now give to the people of the Indian Village; yet, notwithstanding the scantiness of the means of grace, evidences were not wanting that that Holy Spirit, who, "like a dew from the Lord, tarrieth not for man nor waiteth for the sons of men," was still carrying on his work among them.

One case was that of a young man who had for some time been under the influence of religion, and who now lay on his dying bed. Mr. Cockran asked him—

"'Joseph, what do you wish me to do for you?' 'I have sent for you, sir, to pray for me just here,' pointing to his bedside. 'When I was strong and could go to church, I felt happy in the

* Speaking of his Sundays in the winter of this and other years, he says—"I leave home with my heart glowing with love, and with a desire to praise God and proclaim the message of salvation to my fellow-creatures. I ride on; a snow-storm drifting in my face almost blinds my horse and myself, my hands and my feet are benumbed, my face perhaps blistered with the intensity of the frost—the chill reaches the heart, and I seem to have lost all spiritual feeling. But when I hear two hundred voices joining to sing the praises of Him whom lately they knew not, my heart grows warm again; I remember His promise who has said 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and I, too, can rejoice in Him."

worship of God; and as long as I could kneel down here and pray, I found my heart light: but now I cannot rise, my heart is heavy and cold as ice, and I fear it is not well with me.' 'Do you,' asked Mr. Cockran, 'believe that the Son of God is able and willing to save you?' 'Yes, entirely,' answered the youth; 'and it is by looking to Him that my heart has been drawn away from the world; and I now rejoice that I am going out of it. In heaven I shall be near God, and He will make me happy. I sometimes feel a little afraid when I think of the change, but I say to myself that Jesus is there, and He will call me to come near Him; and then all my fears go.'"

More conversation of the same kind ensued, till a poor woman who was present, quite overcome, hid her face in her blanket, and began to sob, crying out, "Oh, I would give the whole world if I could have such a hope on my dying bed!"

On the 20th of September, 1839, to the great joy of Mr. Cockran, Mr. Smithurst arrived to take charge of this congregation; and, anxious to enter on his work without delay, he took up his abode at once in an unfinished dwelling, which had been begun for him near the church.

Mr. Cockran assembled the people to introduce their new minister, and to bid them farewell as no longer his own flock. Drawing a picture of their former state, he called on them to compare with it their present condition, led them to consider the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and, deeply affected himself, drew tears from Mr. Smithurst and most of the congregation.

Mr. Smithurst was surprised and encouraged by the state in which he found the village. The congregation was serious and devout, the school was regularly attended, and the children were quiet and orderly in

their general conduct. There were now ninety-eight in the day-school, and on Sundays these were joined by fifty-eight adults.*

Mr. Cook, the schoolmaster, had regularly met as many of the people as could come, for reading the Scriptures and for prayer, every evening in the school-room; and another man, Peter Carrigel, instructed the elder boys at his own house. It was pleasant also to find, that when the men were absent on a hunting or fishing expedition, it was their constant practice to return home on the Saturday and go back on the Monday (thus losing three days in every week), if within reach; or if too distant, they would spend the Sunday together, reading the church service, singing hymns, and talking over passages of the Bible.

We might here introduce details from Mr. Smithurst's journal, which would enable our readers to realise somewhat of every-day life on the banks of the Red River. We could tell of the candles for his use being made on the premises, of his corn being threshed on the frozen river, of the store of provisions laid in in autumn for himself, his farm-servants, and the passing stranger; no less a quantity than 2000 pounds of dried buffalo meat, and a still larger proportion of beef and mutton, which had to be frozen before it was stored up, as it would be eight months before fresh meat could be again procured.

* One of these was an old woman, who had attended regularly for six years, without having yet accomplished learning the alphabet; yet she would not give it up; and some time after told Mr. Smithurst with great joy that she now knew all the letters except three! A good example of perseverance to those with better opportunities.

Or we might describe our missionary's early rides * on Sunday mornings to take the service at the Rapids, while Mr. Cockran undertook the Upper and Middle Churches; sometimes through storm and snow, his shoes freezing to the stirrup, and icicles of frozen breath hanging round his horse's mouth; or sometimes, on a brighter winter morning, filled with admiration as he rode through woods of aspen, birch, and poplar, whose stems and larger branches, catching the rays of the rising sun, shone like burnished gold, while the icicles on the smaller twigs sparkled like diamonds.

In summer it was a different scene that met his view: the trees were clothed with their varied foliage, and adorned with a vast profusion of wild roses; while here and there, between their stems, the river was seen pursuing its onward course. And for the last five miles the open country was covered with flowers of every form and hue, among which the brilliant yellow lady's slipper was the most conspicuous.

There was one feature in the prospect that never varied. In all seasons, and in all weathers, no sooner did our Sunday traveller come out upon the plains than he saw persons gathering from all quarters, some on foot, some in their carioles, hastening even at this early hour to the church; for the congregation had so outgrown the place for its assembling, that those who did not reach it an hour, or sometimes two hours, before the time of service could find no admittance.†

* Mr. Smithurst had employed some of the people in making a road along the banks of the river.

† There would at this time have been from 700 to 800 attendants at public worship at the Rapids, had there been room: the number of communicants was 145.

But we must not wander from the Indian Village; and we have better things to speak of there than pleasant rides and brilliant flowers—even those things that accompany salvation, but our limits will only allow of our mentioning two of these.

The first relates to the good old chief, Pigwys, the reality of whose Christian principles was about this time put to a severe test. Our readers will remember the undutiful conduct of his eldest son, and the subsequent removal of this young man to a distance. He had continued in his heathen state, still opposed to Christianity, when in the winter of this year his father was overwhelmed with the intelligence that this son, still so dearly loved, had, in an agony of grief for the loss of one of his own children, committed suicide.

Pigwys sent for the body, and, clinging to his child even in death, requested that it might be interred in the churchyard, close to the spot he had chosen for his own grave. It was difficult to refuse him, but the missionaries felt that they had no alternative; they softened, however, the refusal as much as possible, by stating their reasons, and offering that it should be buried just beyond the boundary.

The feelings of the poor father were deeply wounded, but after a short pause, during which, doubtless, pride and parental affection were struggling with higher principles, he acknowledged that they were right, and with a touching gentleness submitted to the disappointment.

The corpse had been prepared after the Indian customs, sewed up in a blanket, with the hunting, fishing, and war implements of the deceased; the face was painted red, red feathers were in the hair, beads in the nose and ears, and a necklace round the neck. As soon

as it arrived, the chief had it stripped of every badge of heathenism and put into a coffin, and employed Christian bearers to carry it to the ground. It was in January; the wind was blowing a hurricane, the air was darkened with drifting snow, the thermometer stood at 8° below zero, and Mr. Smithurst, who could see the whole proceedings from his window, concluded that as soon as the grave was covered in, the party (for many heathen relations had come to attend the funeral) would disperse. But they still stood round the grave, and presently he saw that the Chief was addressing them with great earnestness; the faith and love of the good old man rose above his grief, and he was taking advantage of the solemn occasion to invite his unbelieving countrymen to Christ.

The other incident refers to some of the boat's crew who had in the preceding autumn brought Mr. Smithurst from York Fort to Norway House. They were seven in number, and all were heathens; the voyage lasted twenty-one days, and fain would our missionary have spoken to them of the things that would make for their eternal peace, but they did not understand English, and he had no interpreter. All he could do was to pray for them. In the course of the voyage one of them was taken suddenly ill, and appeared to be dying.

"I cannot," writes Mr. Smithurst, "describe my feelings; we were a hundred miles from any human habitation—I knew he was a heathen, I believed he was expiring in my arms, and I was unable to say one word to him, or to point him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. With uplifted eyes he surveyed the blue expanse of heaven, and uttered a piercing shriek, which told of suffering without hope. If ever I prayed sincerely, it was that God would spare him till he should hear the Gospel, and I heartily thank the Father of

mercies that He heard my prayers. I gave him some medicine I had with me, and the disease abated; but during the rest of the voyage he was unable to do anything, and I was obliged to attend to him myself till we reached Norway House."

At Norway House Mr. Smithurst parted from his companions, and though we cannot doubt but that these men were often remembered by him at a throne of grace, yet he probably never expected to see them again in the flesh.

But early in the next year (1840), he was told that two Indians wished to speak to him, and to his surprise and pleasure he found they were part of his former crew, and that one of them was the very man who had been so ill. He took the opportunity of thanking them for all the kindness they had shewn him on the voyage, and was affected by their answering, "that they knew he had come to teach their countrymen the way of life, and felt therefore that they ought to do all they could for him."

One of them, it seemed, had visited the Indian Village in the preceding winter, and what he then heard from Mr. Cockran so impressed him, that he had given up his heathen practices for some time past. They had now both of them come from Norway House (300 miles) to put themselves regularly under Christian instruction. After due time Mr. Smithurst baptized them. "Little," says he, "did I think, while travelling those 600 miles with them, that they would be the first Indians I should baptize! How mysterious are Thy ways, O Lord of Hosts! O merciful Father, keep them both by Thy grace through faith unto life eternal."

A few weeks later Mr. Smithurst had the privilege of baptizing another of the crew, who had also come

down for the purpose; so that now three of the seven for whom he had so anxiously prayed, were Christians.

The occasion of his son's funeral was far from being the only instance of Pigwys' endeavours to lead his own people to Christianity. We have before spoken of his anxiety on this point (page 109); and in September 1840, he convened a general meeting of all the Saulteaux in the neighbourhood upon the subject, and invited Mr. Smithurst to accompany him.

The men seated themselves in a circle, and the Chief, Mr. Smithurst, and an interpreter, stood in the midst. The Missionary first addressed them, setting before them the leading truths of the Gospel,—the fall—the consequent corruption of human nature—the redemption offered to fallen man through the merits and death of the Saviour,—assuring them that there was "no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Pigwys followed, and spoke for nearly an hour, with great energy and eloquence. He urged them to attend to the message of salvation, to send their children to the school, and to come themselves to church; telling them, that in addition to his prospects for eternity, his temporal condition was greatly improved, and his mind was at peace.

But the Saulteaux continued unmoved, and not one of the whole assembly was willing to follow the example of their Chief and the few others of their tribe who had joined the Crees at the Indian Village.

We will here introduce a few words from our Missionary's Journal, written in the first spring after his arrival at his station:—

"1840. May 4 and 5.—In heart with friends at home, thought of this time last year, and longed to be among them, but

remembered that *here* is the reality of the work. There is more in *seeing* what God has done, than in *hearing* about it from others.

"May 6.—The Meeting of the Bible Society. Here are the poor Indian children, reading the very Bibles the Society supplied me with twelve months ago!"

The account of the Indian Village has so engrossed us, that we seem to have almost lost sight of the Rapids: but it is not really so; and if space permitted, we might continue at some length the history of the work of grace there, that we began in our fourth chapter. We must, however, content ourselves with two instances.

Returning from the Middle Church one Sunday afternoon, Mr. Cockran fell in with one of his people, whose son had gone on a long journey near to the Rocky Mountains. He entered into conversation with him, and was thankful to find the spirit in which they had parted from each other. The father earnestly pressed upon the young man the importance of reading the Bible as often as he had opportunity, and of never omitting to pray at least twice in the day.

"My son," said he, "as long as you have lived at home, you have seen me pray; you have gone to church and heard that God is love. When you go through the plains you will no longer see me praying, you will no longer be told of your God and Saviour. There you will meet with men whose hearts are cruel, who would like to drive an arrow through your heart, take the scalp from your head, and drink your blood.* My son, when night comes on,

* This was no imaginary danger, for even several years later the Missionary at the Cumberland Station (to which we shall shortly introduce our readers) writes:—

"Feb. 12, 1849.—During last summer about forty Plain Indians were killed by war parties on the banks of this very

before you close your eyes in sleep, ask your God to look on you, and spread his hand over you; for that you are alone, far from home, and have no other friend but Him. When morning comes, ask Him to go with you on your way, to turn bad men on one side, that they may not meet you. Never forget that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Trust in it; God has accepted it for your soul, and through it you and I shall meet in heaven."

The father added to Mr. Cockran :—

"My heart was light when I saw my son take his Bible and some tracts, and when he squeezed my hand with tears in his eyes, and said, 'I will remember Him who is over all till we meet again.'"

The other was a little girl, who was burnt by one of those destructive fires with which the prairies of North America are not unfrequently visited.* One of these

river on which we are residing (the Saskatchewan). On one occasion, nineteen Black-Feet Indians came to the Cree camp, near Fort Pitt, and being perceived by the Crees, the alarm was given. The Crees immediately sprang to their horses, and in less than an hour the whole nineteen of the Black-Feet Indians were killed; their scalps floating in the air, suspended to long poles; their hands and feet hung to the tails and necks of the horses; and the women mutilating the bodies in the most shocking manner."

* The burning of the prairies is spoken of as one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes in the country. These prairies sometimes extend for hundreds of miles and are covered with grass; where this is thin and short, as on the more elevated lands, the fire creeps on slowly, giving the animals time to escape, but sometimes the flames are driven forward by a strong wind over prairies where the grass is seven or eight feet high, and are then most terrific, often destroying whole parties of Indians, though on their fleetest horses. Not that the fire travels as fast as a horse at full speed, but the grass is so entangled with creeping plants that grow among it, that the only way of getting through is by following the zigzag paths of the deer and

occurred in the neighbourhood of the Rapids, in October 1839. Driven by a strong south wind it came rolling impetuously along the plain, like a sea of fire, the flames curling over the outstanding stacks of hay and corn, and spreading desolation for miles around. Much property was destroyed, and several persons narrowly escaped the flames, but this poor little girl and her mother and two sisters were overtaken by them, and so

the buffalo. Sometimes too the dense cloud of smoke that is swept before the fire alarms the horse, and he stands terrified and immoveable, till the pieces of burning grass, tossed by the wind, fall before him, and in a moment new fires burst out all around.

The Indians believe these fires to be kindled by supernatural means. "Over this beautiful plain," said one of them to Mr. Catlin, when entering upon one of these magnificent prairies, "dwells the spirit of fire. He rides on yonder cloud; his face blackens with rage at the sound of the trampling hoofs; the fire-bow is in his hand; he draws it across the path of the Indian, and, quicker than lightning, a thousand fires rise to destroy him." They had proceeded some distance, when Red Thunder (for such was the name of this Indian) began to show signs of anxiety; he threw himself on the ground, presently started up, and looked anxiously around, again threw himself down and lay with his face to the earth. After a little he sprang again to his feet, and stretching out his arm exclaimed with vehemence, "White man, see that small cloud rising from the prairie! He rises!—our horses' hoofs have waked him; the Fire Spirit is awake, this wind is from his nostrils and his face is towards us!" They flew to their horses, and urged them to their utmost speed,—the fire gained upon them,—it was like the roar of a distant cataract. The frightened eagle flew screaming over their heads; the heath-hen followed on slower wing, and the antelope and long-legged hare bounded pass them, escaping for their lives. They strained every sinew, and reached the barren bluff only just in time, rescued from, as it were, a sea of fire.—*Abridged from Catlin.*

severely burnt that they all died in the course of a few days. This child was the last survivor; she had always loved instruction, and, young as she was, had given evidence of piety. and now in her last extremity she knew where to find rest for her soul. During several days of suffering her only comfort was in prayer; every one who came to see her she would ask to pray with her; and when Mr. Cockran visited her she would ask him to talk to her "about heaven, where the saints of God serve Him day and night—where my father and my little sisters are, and where I expect soon to see them."

She afterwards begged Mr. Cockran, and those about her, to sing to her "Jesu, lover of my soul," to the tune it was sung to in church; and her request having been complied with, she said, "I cannot now kneel, I am obliged to lie on my back day and night; but be so kind as to pray for me, and ask God not to be angry with me, but to pardon all my sins through His dear Son, and to take me to heaven."

Mr. Cockran commended her to God in prayer and thanksgiving, and shortly after her happy spirit fled.

of a few
d always
d given
mity she
g several
r; every
ray with
would ask
saints of
ther and
on to see

ose about
the tune
ving been
eel, I am
but be so
be angry
His dear

rayer and
it fled.

The Indian Village on the Red River in 1837

The Indian Village on the Red River in 1857

CHAPTER IX.

THREATENED REDUCTION OF THE MISSION — VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL — DEPARTURE OF THE REV. W. COCKRAN.

"Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."—1 *Cor.* xii. 26, 27.

THE year 1842 opened brightly on the mission-field in Rupert's Land. We have seen the state of the Indian Village, and of the congregation at the Rapids; and those of the Upper and Middle Churches had continued also to go on well. Nor was it only that the stakes of this spiritual tabernacle were thus strengthened, she had likewise lengthened her cords: a new station had been formed on Cumberland Lake; and the Rev. A. Cowley, who arrived in 1841, had availed himself of an apparent opening on the Lake Manitoba.

The only drawback was the state of Mr. Cockran's health. The Committee at home had frequently urged him to pay a visit to his native land, that he might recruit his strength and refresh his spirits. This he had steadfastly declined,—fearing, he said, lest the comforts of an English home should withdraw his affections from his few poor sheep in the wilderness. But at last his declining health had induced him to

request permission to withdraw altogether from the work, and he was only waiting to hear of the appointment of a successor before he should retire with his family to Canada.

It was at this juncture that our Missionaries received the unexpected and overwhelming intelligence that, in consequence of the financial difficulties of the Society, their Missions on the Red River must be reduced, and the out-stations abandoned. It is not easy to conceive how heavily this blow fell on the hearts of these devoted men, who were spending their lives and strength in the work. Must, then, all the ground that had been so hardly won be given up again? Must those few sheep who had been gathered into the fold be driven back into the wilderness of Heathenism, or the poisonous pastures of Popery? They could not bear to think of it. Mr. Smithurst writes,—

"If our friends at home did but know the anxiety your letter has caused, I am sure they would redouble their efforts to provide a remedy. Were the Indians averse to instruction, or did we see no fruit from our labours, we might relinquish our posts with less regret; but our churches are crowded, our schools are crowded, and the cry is (from the Crees more especially), 'Send us more teachers; give us the word of God.'"

Mr. Cockran's appeal was still stronger:—

"Thousands of pounds are not equal to the value of one soul, and for this shall we abandon our Missions? Oh, no, dear Christian friends, we must not so soon weary in keeping possession for Christ; we must occupy till He come. He who wept over Jerusalem is surely ready to weep over us, when such a thought enters our hearts. He seems to say to us from heaven, 'Have I not redeemed you? Have I not prepared a mansion for you in my Father's kingdom? Why regard your stuff? Is

not the land where God dwells your own, and is not He Himself your portion? Will ye, then, suffer My cause to fail from love of this world?'"*

Nor did the Missionaries content themselves with words; they endeavoured, by the most rigid economy and self-denial, so to reduce the expenses of the Missions as to avert the threatened blow. Mr. Cockran gave up for the present his intention of removing into Canada, and as he received a small stipend from the Hudson's Bay Company as chaplain, determined to make that suffice; and for two years forbore to draw from the Church Missionary Society the portion of his salary due from thence,† though we find, from some of his neighbours, that by so doing he and his family were subjected to privations not often experienced even by industrious cottagers at home.

By the good providence of Him in whose hands are the hearts of all, the income of the Society increased again during the year; and the letters received in 1843 relieved the minds of the Missionaries from their suspense of twelve months, and enabled them to pursue their work with fresh energy.

* See how any diminution of the income of the Society is felt in its most distant missions! And let us *individually* remember, that by withdrawing our own annual sovereign or weekly penny, we are *ourselves* bearing a part in causing this distress.

† This was not the first instance of the kind, for a similar reduction of the Mission had been contemplated some years before, and we find, in consequence of this, the following entry among the benefactions for June 1830:—

"Rev W. Cockran, arrears of salary which had accumulated during four years . . . . . £54 8s. 0d."

In the summer of 1844 the hearts of our brethren were cheered, and their hands strengthened, by a visit from the Bishop of Montreal, who, with a kindness and self-forgetfulness which can scarcely be too warmly appreciated, undertook a journey of twice one thousand eight hundred miles in an open canoe for the benefit of this infant Mission.

His route lay across the Lakes of Nipissin and Huron, along the treacherous waters of Lake Superior, and then through rivers rendered almost impassable by frequent cataracts and rapids, till, after thirty-eight days of exposure and fatigue, he entered Lake Winnipeg, near the mouth of the Red River, on June the 22d.

We will not spoil the interesting account of this expedition, which the Bishop allowed to be published, by attempting to abridge it; we will only make a few extracts, which will throw additional light upon our subject.

It was Saturday when he and his little party entered the lake, and they hoped to reach the Indian Village before nightfall; but a violent storm obliged them to lay to under the banks, and they did not arrive till Sunday morning, after a night of weariness and discomfort. The Bishop then proceeds:—

"It was about nine o'clock, and within half an hour of the time for Divine Worship. The sight that greeted us was one that can never be forgotten by me, and the recollection will always be coupled with feelings of devout thankfulness to God, and warm appreciation of the blessings conferred by the Church Missionary Society. After travelling for above a month through an inhospitable wilderness, and meeting, at intervals, with such specimens of the heathen savage as I have described, we came at once, and without any intermediate gradations in the aspect of things, upon the establishment formed on the low margin of

the river for the same race of people in their Christian state; and on the morning of the Lord's own blessed day we saw them already gathering round their pastor, who was before his door, the children collecting in the same manner with their books in their hands. All were decently clothed from head to foot, and there was a repose and steadiness in their deportment, the seeming indication of a high and controlling influence on their characters and hearts. Around were their humble dwellings, with the commencement of their farms; cattle were grazing in the meadows; the modest parsonage, with its garden, and the simple but decent church, with the school-house as its appendage, forming the leading objects in the picture, and carrying on the face of them the promise of blessing. We were amply repaid for all the toils and exposure of the night. My chaplain naturally felt as I did; and my servant, an Englishman, to whom everything in the journey was new, told me afterwards that he could hardly restrain his tears. Nor was it a worthless testimony that was rendered by one of our old *voyageurs*, a French Canadian Roman Catholic, when addressing my servant, he said, 'There are *your* Christian Indians; it would be well if all the whites were as good as they are.'

"We were greeted by Mr. Smithurst at the water's edge; and having refreshed ourselves under his roof, we proceeded to church. There were, perhaps, two hundred and fifty present, all Indians; and nothing can be more reverential and solemn than the demeanour and bearing of these people in public worship. Their costume has a hybrid kind of character, partly European and partly Indian. The women, for the most part, still wear the blanket, or else a piece of dark cloth thrown over the head, with the hair parted smoothly on the forehead. All wear mocassins, as do the missionaries, and almost all the Europeans in the colony.

"The Morning Service is in English, but the Lessons are rendered into the Indian tongue by Mr. Cook, the schoolmaster, who also rendered my sermon sentence by sentence.

"The Evening Service is in the Indian language, which Mr. Smithurst has mastered to a considerable degree, but the Lessons are read as in the Morning. About two-thirds of the congregation are said to understand a simple address in English; and,

as far as this settlement is concerned, the time, I conceive, is fast approaching when no other language will be required. But let it be hoped that instruction will be carried far and wide to men of other tongues.

"I visited the Sunday-school, and found a large attendance. Mr. Smithurst made the more advanced read to me in the Bible, and then examined them in the Catechism and the Thirty-nine Articles. The amount of their knowledge was greater than I could have expected; and from all that I could gather, the Crees appear to be a thinking and intelligent tribe.

"After the Evening Service the church was shut up by an old Indian, acting as a sort of sexton, who had formerly been a noted sorcerer or *medicine* man. The day altogether was one of extraordinary interest; and if the scenes which it presented could have been witnessed by friends of the Society at home, they would have needed no further appeal to ensure their liberal support."

The Bishop then speaks of the confirmations he held at each of the four churches. The number of the confirmed amounted in the whole to eight hundred and forty-six, and would have been about one thousand had not many of the candidates been absent; some were engaged in the buffalo hunt on the prairies, and others were gone with the annual boats to York Fort.

He held preparatory meetings of the candidates at each of the different stations, and expresses himself as greatly satisfied with the result. He speaks particularly of one at the Rapids, where he says,—

"I was much struck by the correct and serious deportment of about seventy young girls, who were brought together without their mothers or elders of any kind to restrain them; and I could not help thinking that it would have been difficult to collect the same number in an English parish who would have preserved the reverence which these girls did, even in the vacant intervals before and after the service, and during the calling over of their names by Mr. Cockran."

Mr. Cowley came from Manitoba Lake to receive priest's orders; and the Bishop ordained Mr. M'Allum, then in charge of a school at the Upper Settlement, both deacon and priest. Altogether, he spent seventeen days in the colony; and, speaking of its general state, he says,—

"It was truly a very interesting spectacle to behold the churches filled at the confirmation, and at the other public services, by a people thus brought under the yoke of the Gospel, the great body of whom have Indian blood in their veins, and most of whom were originally heathens; and the interest was indescribably heightened by the deep attention with which they listened, and the devotion with which those who were confirmed knelt to receive the imposition of hands; the comfortable hope shedding its ray over the solemnity, that they did in sincerity devote themselves to Christ.

"I must not, however, be understood to mean that in all the pleasing pictures I have given, the old Adam does not anywhere lurk in disguise, nor to express an unqualified hope that among those who now re-enrolled themselves as soldiers of the Cross there will not be instances of mortifying inconsistency, perhaps of unhappy defection: the Indians have strong passions, and are often thrown into circumstances unfavourable to holiness: but, allowing for the necessary intermixture of tares with the wheat, I believe that the congregations at the Red River may be called exemplary; and that the Church has taken root in the colony, with the fairest prospect of a continuance and increase of blessed fruits of a practical kind."*

This visit of the Bishop had been most welcome to the whole colony, and the inhabitants vied with each other in showing him all possible attention. He re-

* The Bishop confirms what has been remarked by other travellers as to the superiority, in the steady and correct habits of the people, of the Protestant portion of the colony over the Roman Catholic population, and does not hesitate to attribute it to the difference of their religion.

ceived addresses of thanks from the Clergy, from the Protestant inhabitants generally, and a special one from the Indian congregation

"We were," he says, "loaded with presents: several of the Indian women were busy, up to the last moment, in finishing for us some little token of remembrance, and we received some beautiful specimens of their work either in beads, or in dyed hair of the moose deer, or in porcupine quills. One woman, with the peculiar modesty of manner so general among the Indians, came forward just as I was stepping into my canoe with a simple bark basket of her own workmanship."

The Indian Village, as it had been the first, so it was the last spot which the Bishop visited. In the morning of July 10, Pigwys and his wife, men, women, and children, gathered round to bid adieu to their "Great Praying Father;" and the Bishop set out on his fatiguing voyage again, followed by the prayers and blessings of the whole community.

It had been just before this visit from the Bishop, that Mr. Cockran had had an affecting proof of the attachment and kindness of his own people at the Rapids. A fire broke out upon his premises, which speedily consumed the barn filled with wheat; cow-houses, stables, fences, were all destroyed; and the house, which was of wood, and thatched with reeds, would have shared the same fate, had it not been for the exertions of the neighbours. The wind, too, providentially changed, and their dwelling was preserved. Several persons watched all night, lest a spark should be hidden in the thatch; and the next day Mr. Cockran found a number of them making plans to repair the mischief, with as little loss as possible to himself. Some promised to bring logs, others would contribute

posts, many engaged to come and work; while another party assured him that he should not feel the want of wheat, for that they would supply him. Governor Finlayson also called to offer him everything he could want to repair this calamity; and the sympathy and kindness they experienced enabled Mr. and Mrs. Cockran to rejoice even in their losses.

The church at the Rapids, as we have already [illegible], was now far too small for the congregation, not more than three-fourths of whom could find admittance, and the school children could never be present. Mr. Cockran, looking forward to the future, determined to make an effort to build a new one of stone, instead of wood, which should be large enough for the increasing wants of the settlement. Accordingly, he called a meeting of the people.

"Silver and gold," he writes, "they had none; but stones, lime, shingles, boards, timber, and labour were cheerfully promised, to an extent that perfectly astonished me. The shingle-makers proposed to give ten thousand shingles each, the lime-burners each four hundred bushels, and boards and timber were promised in the same liberal manner. One black curly-head, descended by his father's side from the sons of Ham, stood up in his leathern coat, and said, 'I will help to the amount of 10*l*.' The eyes of all were turned upon him, and I saw a smile on every face. I said, 'I believe our brethren think you will not be able to raise such a sum.' Raising his arm he exclaimed, 'Here is my body: it is at your service. It is true I cannot square a stone, nor lay one, but there will be the floor and the roof: turn me to them, and you will see, if God gives me life and health, if I will not work out the value.'"

In the summer of 1845 the new church was begun, but, notwithstanding the efforts of the people, Mr. Cockran found his resources beginning to fail, when he was greatly relieved by the unexpected donation of fifty

pounds from one of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company; and soon after, his son, who was now in England for education, sent him thirty pounds, which had been collected for him by a clergyman at home.

All this while there was no improvement in the health of our Missionary; and now the time arrived when he was to leave, as he believed for ever, the scene of his labours for so long a period, and his people were to part from one who had for seventeen years been their pastor, their adviser, their friend, and to whom, under God, they owed every temporal and spiritual blessing.

The Rev. R. James was expected in the autumn of 1846, and Mr. Cockran was obliged to leave the Rapids in the preceding June. Mr. Cowley, who had come from his own station to take the temporary charge of this, thus writes:—

"Sunday, June 14.—The trying hour was come. Never do I expect to forget the last look which some of the people gave their pastor, as they retired from the church, where, from its first erection, they had heard the voice of him whom they now should hear no more. Their hearts were too full for utterance; and the only expression they could give to their feelings was a flood of tears, as each came up, embraced his hand, and turned away without a word.

"June 15.—Early all was bustle, the dawn was seized upon for prayer. Before breakfast was over the canoe was in sight. It was too early for a large crowd to assemble to try his feelings by another farewell, yet a considerable number awaited him at the water's edge, and received his final blessing. My own spirits were overcome, and my inmost soul was pierced."

In October, the Rev. R. and Mrs. James arrived; and we would transcribe Mr. James's account of his surprise and pleasure, as he came up the river, at the sight of the Indian Village, with its happy-looking in-

habitants and merry children, greeting him as he passed along, were it not that it would be almost a repetition of the description given by the Bishop of Montreal.

Nor was he less pleased with his own immediate charge — the Rapids. One thousand eight hundred people were now scattered along an extent of twelve miles; the old church more than filled, the new one was progressing, and the number of communicants had increased to a hundred and fifty.

Mr. James carried on with zeal and energy the work begun by his predecessor; and as we turn over the pages of his journal, and read of one soul and another brought to a concern for their eternal welfare, or watch the last hours of many a rejoicing believer, we are tempted to enter more fully into detail.

But the number at the head of this chapter warns us to forbear; for we have still to lay before our readers the history of distant stations, and after a few brief notices of the next three years on the banks of the Red River, we intend in the two following chapters to carry them to Cumberland and Manitoba Lakes.

One passage, however, we must transcribe from Mr James's journal, not only as a testimony to our former Missionary, but as an instance of the way in which a generous mind will appreciate the work of others :—

"January 20, 1847.—Thermometer, 47° below zero. Cold intense, yet my ride to the Indian settlement was not uncomfortable. The roads were delightful, and as I dashed along their glassy face my thoughts were necessarily carried back to the time when things looked so different; when Mr. Cockran could with difficulty thread his way through the tangled wood, when there were no neat cottages on this hand or that; no traveller's Christian greeting, no distant view of sheltering parsonage or house of God. Literally nothing to cheer the way of

that devoted man whose zeal nothing could tire, whose 'patience of hope' was never exhausted, before whose resolve every obstacle gave way, and whose success is neither thirty, nor sixty, but an hundred-fold, even in this present life."

Mr. Cockran had retired to Toronto, where the rest and freedom from responsibility were blessed to the partial restoration of his health; his heart was still among his former flocks, and in 1847 he gladly responded to an invitation from the Hudson's Bay Company to undertake the chaplaincy of the Upper Church and settlement.

There he still is, and there may he long remain, to proclaim the Gospel that he loves, and to witness to the faithfulness of God, who has promised, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

We must not, however, leave the Red River, without mentioning a Missionary Meeting that was held in the church at the Rapids on Dec. 2, 1847.

It was a day of great interest, for it was the first public meeting that had ever been held in Rupert's Land; and people came from all quarters to hear of the work of God among other heathen nations. They had hitherto known very little on the subject; but grounds of appeal could not be wanting to a people on whom the Society had for the last twenty-seven years been conferring such inestimable benefits, and who were still continually reminded of what they had themselves once been, by the sound of the conjurer's drum and melancholy shout whenever any of the heathens encamped in their neighbourhood.

Everything they heard surprised and moved them: many an eye was moist, and though they were again suffering from two years of scarcity, yet "the abundance

of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality;" and the collection, beyond all expectation, amounted to 10*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*: 5*l.* was also collected here, and 5*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.* at the Middle Church on the following Sunday,—altogether, 21*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.*; a large sum under all the circumstances of the case, though, as one good old man said, "It was all too little to offer to the Society, but it was a beginning, and he hoped the Society would forgive them for not stirring sooner."

Three weeks afterwards, a man, who had literally no money in his possession at the time, brought Mr. James five shillings, the first he had received since the day of the meeting.

We shall only return to the Red River to give a brief account of its present state.

We shall close the chapter by mentioning the circumstances that led to the opening of a Mission at Cumberland.

Anxiety for the spiritual welfare of their relations and countrymen had, from the first, been a characteristic feature in the Christians at the Red River; we have seen how this feeling manifested itself among the converts at the Rapids,* and those at the Indian Village soon showed the same earnest desires.

Among the settlers there, were several families from the neighbourhood of Cumberland Lake, whose hearts expanded towards their former companions in the wilderness; their conversion was the frequent subject of their prayers, they took every opportunity of sending them some awakening message, and the answers to these

* Page 56.

messages were so encouraging that it was at length decided to send a labourer to the spot.

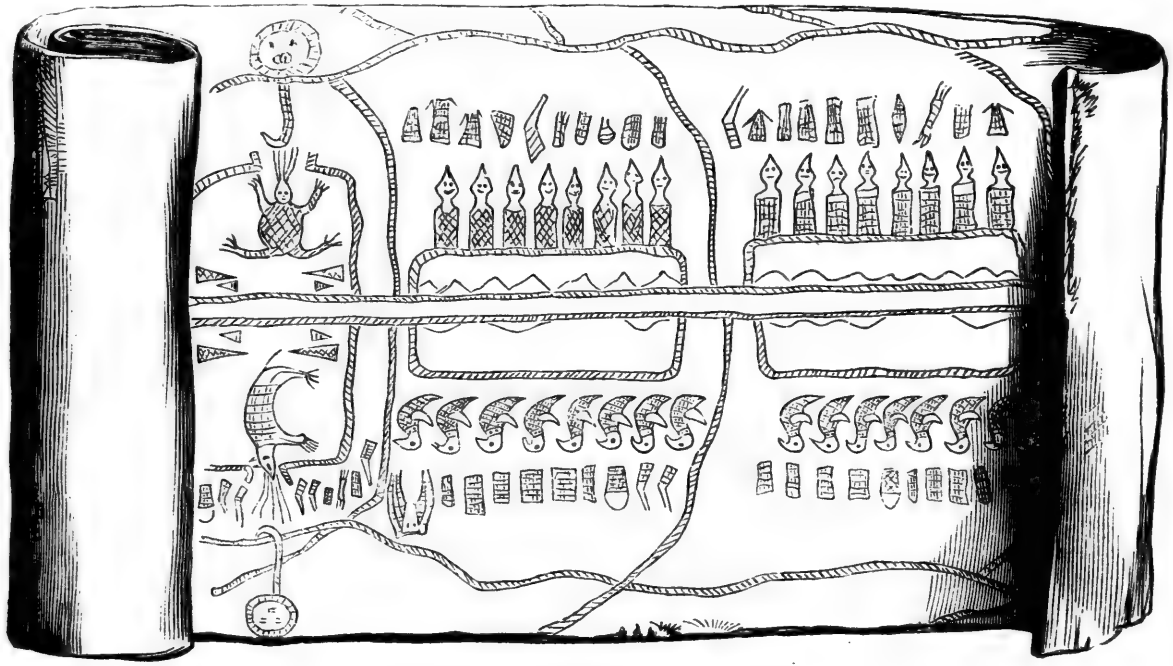
The ordained Missionaries could neither of them be spared, but it was thought that a native Catechist might prepare the ground by opening a school, and giving the people some elementary instruction, and it only now remained to seek for a fitting agent.

How far this search was successful, our next chapter will show.

length de-

f them be
chist might
giving the
only now

ext chapter



Birch-rind Roll, formerly belonging to Louis Constant

Birch-rind Roll, formerly belonging to Louis Constant

CHAPTER X.

CUMBERLAND STATION.

"The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—*Is.* xxxv. 1.

Do our readers remember the two boys mentioned in our second chapter, who, dirty, wild, and ignorant, had been brought by Mr. West to Red River in his own boat? The simple prayer from their stammering lips had been heard and answered; they were among the four whom Mr. West baptized before his return to England;* and both of them gave evidence of being Christians indeed.

John Hope, as one of them was called, had settled at the Indian Village, and was leading a quiet and consistent life; and the other, Henry Budd, was now the person fixed on by the Missionaries to lay the foundation of this new station. After he left the Indian school under Mr. Jones, he had gone into the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, but quitted it in 1837, intending to settle at the Rapids, where he might have the privilege of a regular ministry. Mr. Jones, however, invited him to take charge of a school at the Upper Settlement, where he evinced a steadfastness of principle and intelligence of mind that marked him out as fitted for a more responsible situation; and it was accordingly arranged that he should be sent to Cumberland. He had, moreover, the advantage of belonging to the same tribe (the Crees), and would not therefore have a new dialect to acquire.

* Pages 21 and 28.

He set out in the summer of 1840, accompanied by his wife and mother, for to him it was given to see a parent brought to Christ, and after a voyage of between 400 and 500 miles, through lakes and rivers, arrived safely at the scene of his future labours.

It would be difficult to convey an idea of the desolation that met their view,—a wide-spread lake, bordered with swamps, and shut in on all sides by a forest of unknown extent. There were, of course, no signs of cultivation, and a few Indian tents were the only human habitations. The banks of the lake afforded no spot on which they could fix their abode, but they found a few patches of dry ground upon an island, on which Mr. Budd pitched the tent, and hastened to provide some more substantial dwelling for the winter.

This was no easy task; there was no wood fit for building within several miles, and he had no cattle to bring it from a distance; nor was there any one to assist him in the erection of a house except the boat's crew who had brought him here, and they must not tarry long, lest the approach of winter should hinder their return. But the once untaught Indian lad had become as diligent and persevering in temporal as in spiritual things; partly by persuasion, and partly by giving some of his own clothes in payment, he at last prevailed on a few of the Indians to assist him, and before the winter set in he had succeeded in erecting a small log-house for his own family, another for his hoped-for school, and a third to serve as a store-house. This last was a very necessary appendage to their dwelling; for, knowing that no food could be procured there but by fishing or shooting, the Missionaries at the Red River had supplied them not only with domestic utensils, tools, &c., but with

as much flour and pemican as would, they hoped, be sufficient for them till the rivers should again be open, and they could send them a fresh supply.

Cumberland Lake is a favourite resort of the Crees; the fish is plentiful, and there is a trading-post of the Company on its banks; and though the Indians never remained long stationary, yet a considerable number might at times be collected together. Their reception of Mr. Budd was very friendly, and from the first they showed so much desire for instruction, that when absent from the spot a few of them, who were within reach, would return on the Sunday to attend Divine service; and some of them very soon placed their children under his care.

We have not sufficient details of the next two years to be able to give any connected account of the progress made among these wild people; but it seems that our Catechist had, in the meantime, moved to a more eligible spot, called the Pas, on the banks of the Sasketchewan River, where he had begun to cultivate a piece of land. How far the blessing of God rested on his spiritual labours will be best judged of by the results.

In consequence of the strong desire expressed by Mr. Budd for a visit from one of the Missionaries at Red River, Mr. Smithurst left the Indian Village on May 26, 1842, and proceeded along the western shore of Lake Winnipeg to the mouth of the Saskatchewan River. His boat was manned by ten young men of his own congregation; and those of our readers who remember how his heart was pained and his spirit stirred during his voyage from York Fort to Norway House,* will not wonder at his being forcibly struck by the contrast between his former

* Page 122.

and his present circumstances, surrounded as he now was with intelligent Christians with whom he could hold intercourse, and with whom he could daily unite in worshipping their common God and Saviour, and enjoy the rest and privileges of the Sabbath. He thus describes the scene on one of these occasions:—

"June 3.—At our evening worship I was seated in a small tent on a high bank, looking over the wide expanse of water, dotted here and there with picturesque pine-clad islands: my own men were on the ground by my tent door, and behind me were three heathen Indians beside a small fire, miserably clothed in the *remains* of an old blanket, contrasting strongly with the well-clad cheerful looking Christians of my own party. We began by singing,

'From all that dwell below the skies,'

when suddenly the whole lake and islands near us appeared enveloped in flame. Almost uninterrupted flashes of brilliant lightning glided along the surface of the lake, and seemed to gather round the tall pines with which the islands are covered. The peculiar locality, the companions by whom I was surrounded—the voice of prayer and praise mingling with the pealing thunder, the roaring of the wind among the trees, and the dashing of the waves against the rocks, conspired to raise feelings I cannot describe. It was probably the first time that prayer and praise had ever ascended from that little island. May they have gone up as incense, acceptable through the Beloved!"

In the hurry of setting off, Mr. Smithurst had omitted to tell his men to bring their books with them, and was not a little pleased to find that they all had, of their own accord, brought their Bibles and prayer-books, and some had also brought their hymn-books, &c. Contrary winds and stormy weather frequently detained them for hours, and sometimes for days, on the same spot; and it was a pleasant sight to see them passing their leisure time in

reading and committing to memory a hymn or a passage of Holy Scripture. Mr. Smithurst remarks upon this:—

"Had I been travelling in England with ten young people, their ages varying from seventeen to thirty, I doubt if I should have seen them thus, while halting by the way, refreshing their souls with the words of Eternal Life. Oh that the Lord would pour His Spirit upon Britain, lest in the last great day the poor Indian should be found to have improved his two talents better than she has done her five."

The unfavourable weather made this voyage a very tedious one, and they had some difficulty in ascending the Saskatchewan River. Sunday, June 19, was spent on the shores of Cedar Lake; and Mr. Smithurst writes:—

"This is the third Sunday we have passed in this western wilderness, far from the abodes of civilised men, where day after day passes without the sight of any human being. Here is the wide-spread lake, clothed in verdant foliage—the lofty cedar and towering pine raise their heads towards heaven in majestic grandeur—the pelican, the crane, the swan, the eagle, and the other feathered tribes, show forth the glory of their great Creator; woods and rocks echo back the songs of praise and voice of prayer: but no human tongue unites with us in giving honour, glory, praise, and power to Him who died for us."

The voyage lasted twenty-six days, and it was not till Wednesday, June 22d, that they reached the Pas. The first sight that greeted them was a party of school children, who, as soon as they espied the boat, ran down in the midst of a pouring rain to the bank of the river, to welcome the "white praying-master;" and it was not long before Mr. Smithurst found a shelter and an affectionate greeting beneath the roof of Mr. Budd.

Almost all the Indians were absent deer-hunting or fishing, but on the afternoon of Saturday, Mr. Smithurst

was delighted to see a whole fleet of canoes, containing sixty or seventy persons, making their way down the river. It was a pretty and a joyful sight as the Indians jumped ashore, made their little boats secure for the night, and then, after saluting Mr. Smithurst, proceed to pitch their tents by the side of the Missionary dwelling. "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?"

One of Mr. Smithurst's objects in visiting the station was to baptize any who should be prepared for the sacred rite, but his mind misgave him when he found how large a number presented themselves as candidates. He could not imagine that so many could be properly prepared; and knowing that the Roman Catholic priests had from time to time visited the neighbourhood, and, without giving them any instruction, had baptized all who were willing, tying a metal cross round their necks, and assuring them they were safe, he could not repress the fear that, notwithstanding Mr. Budd's faithful Scriptural instruction, some of the people must have imbibed erroneous views. During Saturday evening and the early part of Sunday morning, he examined them individually and searchingly, and to his grateful satisfaction found, that not only were their minds informed, but their hearts awakened. A deep sense of their own lost state by nature—the necessity of a change of heart by the operation of the Holy Spirit—a dependence on Christ alone for acceptance, and an entire renunciation of all self-dependence, were evident in them all; and many of them, when speaking of their past lives, were greatly affected. Their "hearts," they said, "were so sore they were ready to break in pieces." All had given up their heathen practices, regularly attended every means of grace in their

power, and had endured considerable opposition from their heathen neighbours.

The doubts and fears which had harassed the mind of Mr. Smithurst were now changed into gratitude and joy, as, in the afternoon of Sunday, he admitted into the fold of Christ thirty-eight adults with their children,—eighty-seven in the whole,—thus "called out of darkness," and brought into "marvellous light." And it would be vain to attempt to describe the glowing thankfulness with which Mr. Budd must have witnessed this result of his devoted and self-denying labours.

The next day Mr. Smithurst married thirteen couple, and expected the whole party would have immediately returned to their distant hunting-grounds; but they were unwilling to depart, and, though short of food, lingered on till Wednesday, when he was obliged to leave them; and thankful for all he had seen and heard, and bidding a cordial "farewell" to Mr. Budd, he set out on his return. Floating swiftly down the river, and having a fair wind on Lake Winnipeg, he reached his home in seven days by the same route that had taken him nearly a month on his way to Cumberland.

Time passed on, Mr. Budd continued his work of faith among the people; one heathen family after another joined the congregation, the weekly school increased, and on Sundays many adults assembled to learn to read, and to attend Divine service. But the want of an ordained minister was increasingly felt, and many a prayer ascended to God, and urgent entreaties were sent home, that this boon might be conferred upon them; but the difficulties in which the Society was then placed* pre-

* Page 132.

vented their acceding to this request till the year 1844.

In the meantime Mr. Budd had been, in the summer of 1843, greatly tried by the arrival of a Romish priest, who came with the undisguised intention of drawing away the people. He erected a large wooden cross, marked out the site of his intended house, and after baptising about twenty of the *heathen* in the neighbourhood (for all who were in the habit of attending Mr. Budd's instructions stood firm), returned to the Red River, intending to come back in the spring to take up his permanent abode there. But on his way he met with a fearful death, and, thankful as our catechist was that his people were preserved from temptation to error, he could but be greatly shocked at the manner in which his difficulties were removed.

In August 1844, the Rev. J. and Mrs. Hunter arrived at York Fort, and lost no time in proceeding to the Pas. They had a tedious and uncomfortable voyage of thirty-eight days, sometimes covered with fog or frost, some times drenched with rain, and more than once they were in considerable danger from the storms on Lake Winnipeg.

But all the toils, fatigues, and discomforts of the way were forgotten when, on the evening of Sept. 26, their place of destination came in sight, and they saw forty or fifty school children, with their happy faces, running down to the water's edge to give them the same welcome greeting that they had before given to Mr. Smithurst. Presently the men appeared, and as Mr. Hunter contrasted the quiet frankness of their manner and address with the heathen he had seen upon his route, he felt what cause there was for thankfulness and hope. It was

more than time for them to have gone to the winter hunting-grounds to get food and procure furs, wherewith to pay for the clothing and ammunition they had purchased from the Company, and many had set off some weeks before. But these had still waited from day to day, hoping, before they went, to see their own "white praying-master," and to be by him admitted into the visible Church of Christ.

Thirty-one adults and thirty-seven children were baptized on the following Sunday, after an examination as satisfactory to him as a similar one had been to Mr. Smithurst two years before. The candidates came up to the font in families, fathers and mothers giving up themselves and their children to the service of their Lord, while the frequent tear or the loud sob testified to the deep emotion with which they entered into covenant with their God.

A few families found sufficient food in the neighbourhood to allow of their remaining at the Pas through the winter; but the rest set off to their distant haunts, and Mr. Hunter grieved to think how long a time would elapse before they would again be under any regular instruction. But it was pleasant to hear them diligently inquiring the exact time of Christmas Day, and express their hopes of being then within reach of the station; and he found from Mr. Budd, that while absent they never failed to keep holy the Lord's day, besides having frequent prayer-meetings among themselves.

Nothing could be much more comfortless, as to outward things, than the first winter that Mr. and Mrs. Hunter spent at the Pas. Except a few things they had brought in their own boat, they had been obliged to leave all their furniture, baggage, and English stores behind

them at Norway House, and there was no possible way of getting them from hence till the following August. Mr. Budd had used every effort to provide a dwelling for them; but without proper timber, and with only inexperienced Indians to assist him, the best habitation he had been able to construct, and which consisted of only two small rooms, was so imperfect that it admitted in their turn "rain, wind, snow, and musquitoes."

The store of provisions from Red River (for though Mr. Budd had brought some land into cultivation, it yielded but a small proportion of what was required), fell short before the winter was half over; the school children lived for five months exclusively on fish, and the Missionary families would have had no other food, had not the gentleman in charge of the nearest fort (above a day's journey off) kindly spared a little pemican and flour from his own winter store.

But, far beyond all these things, was the anxiety they felt on account of Mrs. Hunter's state of health—far as she was from all civilised society, and beyond the reach of the most common comforts. It pleased God, however, to endue them both with a large measure of patience and cheerful contentment; Mrs. Hunter was brought safely through her trial, and Mr. Hunter was able to write:—

"Since our arrival here I have had much to cheer and encourage me. Of difficulties, trials, and privations we have had a full share, these however we were prepared to find in this secluded spot. But when I look at the number of Indians I have been permitted to baptize, their increasing desire for instruction, and the general consistency of their lives; when I think also of the number of Indians from all quarters who come to visit us and send us their children, I cannot but be cheered, and look on all

my trials as nothing compared with the abundance of my joy. Most thankful are we for the prayers of our friends in England, they have not been in vain." *

Several interesting circumstances occur from time to time in the journals of the station at Cumberland Pas, but the only one we shall notice is the baptism of an Indian of the name of Wetus. He was the son of a chief, and himself held some kind of authority in the tribe. His parents had been baptized by a Roman Catholic priest when he was quite a child, but they had suffered him to remain a heathen, and as he grew up he became a noted conjurer.

His attention had been drawn to Christianity from the time of Mr. Budd's first arrival, and he was so far moved by it as to attend at Divine worship, and to lay aside many of his heathen practices. He even encouraged his people to examine into this new religion; he resisted all the persuasions of his heathen and Roman-

* Mrs. Hunter did not long live to share her husband's labours, she died about three years after her arrival in Rupert's Land. Few ladies have been called to suffer the privations to which she was exposed, but none could have borne them with a more uncomplaining cheerfulness. Her end was peace. Taking leave of her husband and her only child, her expression was, "Dearly as I love you, I love my Saviour more." And truly she had shewn that love by her endeavours to bring others to love Him too. The women and children of the congregation were her peculiar charge, but even the young men would sometimes look to her for advice and instruction. One of the last times she is mentioned was at Christmas 1846, when she made the school girls very happy by a treat of the unwonted luxuries of tea and cake, and by distributing among them some simple presents sent her for the purpose by a lady in England. Mr. Hunter has since married again.

Catholic relatives to persecute the converts, and often attended their prayer-meetings in the hunting-grounds.

But the world had not quite lost its power; the position he held among the heathen was too dear to him to be as yet relinquished, and he continued to halt between two opinions; till at last, by the grace of God, the snare was broken, and he was enabled to range himself on the Lord's side. On Easter Day, 1847, he was baptized with his wife and children, and received the name of Louis Constant.

From that time he has continued to grow in grace, and his uprightness, intelligence, and piety render him a valuable assistant in the work of religion among his people. He and another chief named Cook are indefatigable in their endeavours to lead others to Christ, and their efforts have been blessed to the bringing in of several heathen.*

In 1845, Mr. Hunter had paid a visit to the Red

* Some time since he put into Mr. Hunter's hands the last relic of his former superstition. It is a roll of birch rind, about four feet long and nearly a foot broad, and on the inner surface are scratched with some pointed instrument various hieroglyphic devices, intended to mark out the straight road to long life and happiness. This road is guarded on one side by figures of the sacred goose, and on the other by a corresponding row of the heads and arms of some of their other deities, while the supposed paths of the wicked diverge from the main road and are lost. But the whole is so uncouth, that it is only worthy of attention as a proof of the extravagancies into which the human mind is suffered to fall when it has departed from the living God. And yet it cannot rest satisfied without a guide, real or self-created.

Louis Constant told Mr. Hunter that he used to regard this roll with the same reverence he now felt for his Bible, but that, as might be expected, it had since his conversion been to him a source of shame and sorrow.

River, where not only was his spirit refreshed by intercourse with his brethren, but the sight of the Indian village, with its little church, its white-washed cottages, and its fields of waving corn, encouraged him to look forward with eager hope to a time when the banks of the Saskatchewan might look as bright and smiling.

Nor was it very long before his hopes began to be realised. Gradually the Indians became willing to exchange their erratic habits for a more quiet and civilised life. Several of them fixed themselves on an island, which was soon covered with wheat, barley, potatoes, turnips, and peas; and five little dwellings were shortly after erected on it. Other cottages were grouped round the Mission House, and some were built on the opposite side of the river, near the spot which Mr. Hunter had fixed upon for his future church.

In 1848 we read, that nearly all the Indians who frequented the Pas had put themselves under Christian instruction; four hundred and twenty-four had been baptized, and though among these there still lingered some prejudices and superstitions, yet they were all more or less adorning their profession by holy and consistent lives.

In summer there were often as many as four hundred at public worship; there were fifty-seven communicants, some of whom, if absent at Christmas or at Easter, would return on foot* from a distance of one or two hundred miles, to gather round the table of the Lord.

A spirit of piety and devotion was cultivated in their families—their social and domestic comforts increased; and could we by some magic power transport ourselves

* With their strange-looking snow-shoes.

to the shores of the Saskatchewan, we should see that there, as everywhere else, godliness has the promise of the life that now is as well as that which is to come. If our visit were in winter, we would cross the frozen river with our Missionary and his wife, enter some of the cottages, and compare with some dirty Indian tent the scene that would greet us here—the bright fire, the clean and comfortable room, the family gathered round the cheerful hearth, and thankfully rejoicing in their altered circumstances. Or if we made a summer flight, we might stand at the close of some calm day at the door of the Mission House, and listen while we heard on the nearer shore a father conducting the devotions of the family; or, borne across the water from the farther bank, in the stillness of the evening air our ears would catch the sound of many voices mingling in praises to Redeeming Love.

We shall have occasion to refer once more to this station at Cumberland Pas before we close our history.

see that
romise of
to come.
he frozen
some of
dian tent
t fire, the
red round
in their
mer flight,
n day at
while we
the devo-
r from the
r our ears
ngling in

ore to this
r history.

Preaching to the Indians at Lac la Ronge.

Preaching to the Indians at Lac la Ronge.

CHAPTER XI.

LAC LA RONGE—MOOSE LAKE.

"From you sounded out the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad."—1 *Thess.* i. 8.

THE rays of heavenly truth that had penetrated to the neighbourhood of Cumberland Lake did not stop there; they travelled onward through the dense forest and extended plain; and it shall be our present object to trace somewhat of their farther progress.

The Cumberland Indians, in their various expeditions, frequently met with people from different places, and of other tribes. To these they would speak of Christ and His salvation; and, led by their example and persuasion, persons from various quarters often arrived at the Mission Station to hear what "this new thing" might be.

One of the earliest of these inquirers was a chief named Heche Hookemow, from Lac la Ronge,* four hundred miles to the north-west of Cumberland. No Missionary, or even native catechist, had ever visited those distant regions; but he had, while hunting, heard of the Gospel from some of Mr. Budd's first converts; and now, in 1842, came down to make inquiry for himself.

Mr. Budd received him gladly, gave him as much in-

* There is a small outpost of the Company at Lac la Ronge, dependant on the still more distant post of Ile de la Crosse.

struction as the shortness of his stay permitted, and on his departure supplied him with some elementary * books, by which he might continue to improve himself. His appetite for further knowledge was quickened at every step he took; again and again he re-visited the Pas, each time gathering up from Mr. Budd or Mr. Hunter some fresh crumbs of eternal truth, and on his return home distributing them to those around.

So anxious were these poor people to hear of Christ and His salvation, that on these occasions they gave their chief no rest. One party after another came into his tent to listen to his tidings; when some retired to seek for rest or refreshment, others took their places; the night as well as the day was spent in telling and hearing of the love of God; and on one occasion Heche Hookemow was thus kept up for four successive nights. His desire for knowledge still increased; and in 1846 he paid a longer visit to the Pas, put himself under regular instruction, and was, in June of the same year, baptized by the name of Paul; his wife and two children being admitted to the same privilege.

A few weeks earlier, Mr. Hunter had also baptized another of the Lac la Ronge Indians, whose history runs, in some respects, parallel with that we have just related. His heathen name was Mistinisquavoo; he was a noted conjurer, and a leading man among his people. But there was something in him that attracted the attention and awakened the interest of Mr. Mackenzie, the gentleman then in charge of the post; and about the same time that Heche Hookemow first visited Mr. Budd, Mr. Mackenzie took Mistinisquavoo to Norway House. There he remained for some months,

* Probably spelling-books, &c.

under the instruction of a Wesleyan Missionary, and returning to Lac la Ronge spoke to others of the things he had himself received.

Anxious for farther instruction, and for admission into the fold of Christ, he and his wife went to Cumberland early in 1846, and were, as we have said, baptized by Mr. Hunter, receiving the names of Abraham and Sarah.

The spirit of inquiry among the Lac la Ronge Indians was not confined to the two cases we have mentioned; others had visited the Mission Station, but could not remain long enough to gain much knowledge; and Mr. Hunter had already, in 1845, sent thither James Beardy, one of his own Indians, to help them forward as far as he could.*

Beardy found twenty families ready at once to embrace Christianity. He became so much interested in his work, as to determine to remain there through the winter. Though but a beginner in the school of Christ, he diligently laboured to teach them all he knew himself, aiming, to use his own words, to "make them feel that they were sinners and had broken God's holy law, and thus stood in need of the salvation which God has provided for us in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ."

* One of these visitors was a man who, with his wife, set off in the summer of 1844, in a canoe, taking with them the two daughters of one of their friends, who were to be left behind at the school. Before they had gone much above half-way, the frost set in and the rivers were impassable. Nothing daunted, they pitched their tent where they were, supported themselves and their young companions as best they could during the winter, and as soon as the rivers were again open pursued their voyage.

He daily taught and prayed with any that were within reach, and on Sundays met them in the large room at the fort, which was kindly lent to him for the purpose, and which was always completely filled.

In 1846, Mr. Hunter sent Mr. James Settee* as catechist to this promising station; and provided, as Mr. Budd had been in 1840, with flour, pemican, clothes, tools, and everything he was likely to want till the following spring, he set out early in June, and in about three weeks arrived at his destination.

He found the people in as promising a state as he had expected; but soon after his arrival he experienced a severe trial in the death of many of the converts from measles. Five men and twelve women, besides several children, were thus carried off, and it was a grief both to themselves and their teachers that they had had no opportunity of being received into the visible Church of Christ. That many, if not all, were living members of His mystical body, there is every reason to hope; all had forsaken their heathen practices, regularly attended every means of grace, and were in the habit of daily family prayer; and many of them, with their dying lips, declared their simple reliance on the Lord Jesus, often using such expressions as these:—"I love my Lord and my Saviour, and I will praise Him while I have breath."

In the summer of 1847, Mr. Hunter himself visited this new station, and one or two incidents that occurred on the way are worth mentioning. One of these was

* Mr. Settee had, like Mr. Budd, been one of Mr. West's earliest pupils in the Indian School (p. 26); like him, he was bringing forth the fruit of the seed then sown, and was now sent forth to be another proof of the value of native agency.

his meeting with Kinnakahpoo, chief of the Rat River, and his wife, who were on their way to Cumberland, anxious to be received into the Church of Christ. Mr. Hunter had a good deal of conversation with them, and finding them well instructed in the chief truths of our holy faith, he baptized them both on the banks of the river. A few days after he met with two other canoes full of Indians, also on their way to Cumberland; but as their knowledge was far below that of Kinnakahpoo and his wife, he persuaded them to turn back, and accompany him for farther instruction.

When he reached the lake, he proceeded to a small dwelling which Mr. Settee had built for himself, under a lofty rock of granite, on the opposite bank to the Company's fort. A number of Indians had pitched their tents round the fort, and as soon as they espied Mr. Hunter's boat, they came paddling their canoes across the water, and welcomed him with an overflowing joy that almost overcame him.

He found a school already established, at which thirty boys and twenty-three girls received daily instruction, and on Sundays the adults who attended raised the number to sixty-eight.

The day after his arrival, he examined the candidates for baptism, and found them sufficiently well instructed to allow of his baptizing forty-eight adults and fifty-nine children on the following Sunday. Besides these, several had been previously baptized at Cumberland, fifty or sixty more were candidates for the sacred rite, and not one heathen now remained among the Indians of Lac la Ronge.

One of the men who was at this time baptized by Mr. Hunter, and who had received the name of John Venn, died soon after. He was ready for the summons, and often said to his wife, "Prepare your mind, my wife; I

must soon die. I am looking for the time when my Saviour shall send for me. I hope I am ready for Him who has so loved me as to die for my sins, and on whom I wholly cast myself. Pray to Him, my wife, pray to Him for our little girl, that we may all be saved in the day of His appearing."

When Mr. Settee was appointed to Lac la Ronge, James Beardy pushed on to the neighbourhood of another of the Company's trading ports, called Ilè de la Crosse, four or five hundred* miles still farther in the interior, and from whence Mr. Hunter had received many applications for a teacher.

When Beardy arrived there, he found that two Roman Catholic priests were in the neighbourhood, and that some of the poor people, despairing of obtaining a teacher of what they called "the English religion," and yet unwilling to remain in heathenism, had been baptized by them. The priests had, after their baptism, tied round their necks the same kind of cross we have spoken of before, and instead of giving them instructions from the Word of God, had distributed among them a paper, "marked in small dark lines with the names of patriarchs and apostles, representations of heaven, earth, angels, saints, stars, churches, the flood, Solomon's Temple, &c.; the principal object being a straight road leading to heaven, intended to represent the Roman Catholic religion, with branch roads marked 'Pretended Reformations,' &c., leading, of course, to a very different place."†

* These calculations are, of course, but vague; the distance represented on the map is a very imperfect guide, as the windings of the rivers and lakes often double the apparent length of route, which can only be judged of by the time it occupies.

† Let our readers compare this with the heathen roll mentioned in the last chapter, as having been given up by Louis Constant.

Some of these Indians had, however, resisted all the solicitations of the priests; ignorant as they were, they seem to have felt that these outward things could not satisfy their souls; and they had still waited for an English teacher. Several even of those who had been baptized had, soon after, of their own accord, thrown away their crosses, and were anxious to receive instruction.

Distant as Ile de la Crosse and Lac la Ronge were, the desire for instruction had spread still further, and in 1848, our Cumberland missionary received a message from a chief named Tripe de Roche,* near Fort Chippewyan, in the Athabasca country, said to be a thousand miles from Ile de la Crosse, speaking of his own and his people's unwillingness to put themselves under the Roman Catholic priests, and earnestly requesting a teacher; but hitherto there have been no means of complying with this request.

The influence of the Cumberland Indians was not felt only in these distant places; several of the inquirers who visited the Pas were from nearer parts of the country. Some were from among the Nippeweens, a tribe important, not only on account of its own numbers, but as being in continual communication with the fiercer and still more numerous tribes, called the "Plain" Indians. Others came from Moose Lake, a secluded spot, two days' distance from the Pas, where the officer in charge of the Company's post had a care for the souls of the Indians round him, and added his own instructions to the information they had obtained from their companions in the hunting-grounds.

Mr. Hunter several times visited this place, and in

* Rockweed.

his different journeys had opportunities of seeing more of the Indian idolatry and superstitions than he had before witnessed ;* but our limits forbid us to linger here, and we must only add, with regard to Moose Lake, that several of the Indians who frequent it have been baptized, and that it is considered so promising a field, that, as we shall hereafter see, steps have been taken to make it a permanent station.

MANITOBA LAKE.

"Let patience have her perfect work."—*St. James*, i. 4.

We have taken a new motto for the concluding part of this chapter, for it will contain a history very different from those we have already related, and will afford

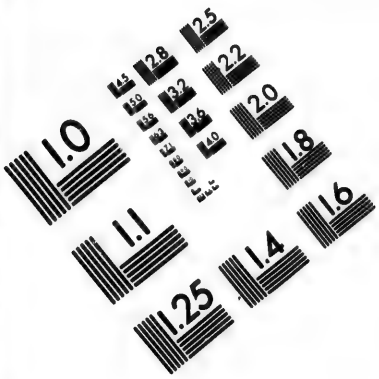
* On one occasion he passed a sacred stone, round which the Indians would often meet, smoke their pipes as an act of adoration, and present to it offerings of tobacco, beads, or broken earthenware, depositing them in holes with which the stone was perforated. Several times he observed in the more frequented spots a kind of idol, made by a long pole being driven into the ground, with a head rudely carved upon it ; sticks were fastened across for arms, and rags of various colours were hung about it. Persons saluted it as they passed, but Mr. Hunter could not learn that it was intended for any particular deity. More than once he passed their feasting-tents, while the ceremony was going on. One of these was to ensure an abundant supply of wild geese, and on these occasions, decked out in any finery they could procure, their faces painted red, and with red feathers in their hair, men, women, and children, with frightful yells and shouts, would dance round and round the figure of a goose, and then feast to excess on provisions that had been stored up for the purpose.

another proof that though a Paul should plant, or an Apollos water, it remaineth with God alone to give the increase.

The Rev. A. and Mrs. Cowley arrived from England in the autumn of 1841; and, early in the summer of 1842, they proceeded to what had for some time appeared a promising station on the shore of the Lake Manitoba. This lake lies to the north-west of the Red River, and the spot proposed now to be occupied is about three hundred miles from that settlement. It is partly accessible by land, and Mr. and Mrs. Cowley performed most of the journey in the rude carts of the country, carrying with them, as usual, provisions for the next twelve months, and a little live stock for the commencement of a mission farm. After a very fatiguing journey they arrived at the spot, and were delighted with the landscape all around. Before them was the lake, stretched out in quiet grandeur, reflecting, as in a glassy mirror, the scene around; the shores were bordered with a belt of pasturage, and beyond lay what seemed interminable woods of oak and poplar; while the numerous fish that sported in the clear waters, and the birds that skimmed along their surface, gave life and animation to the whole.

Far different was the moral prospect: the Indians that frequented the neighbourhood were of the Saulteaux tribe, and we have before* spoken of the fierceness of their character, and their impatience of control, even on the banks of the Red River; and here, where the silver trumpet of the Gospel had never yet been sounded, they were still more wild and untamed.

* Page 94, 109, &c.



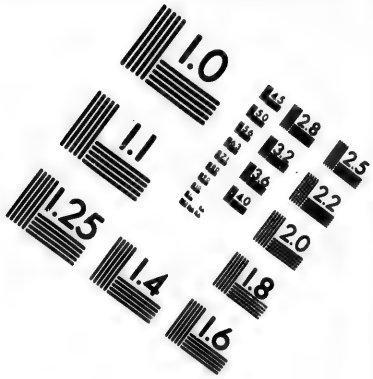
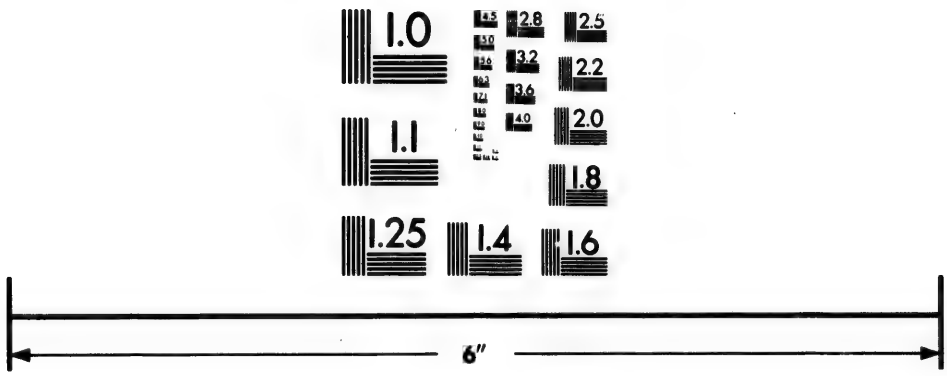
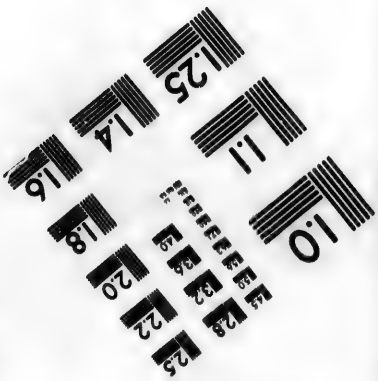


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

A tent was soon pitched for our wearied travellers; and Mr. Cowley, with the help of a servant he had brought with him, set about the erection of a more substantial dwelling.

It contained only two rooms, sixteen feet square; one of which was for their own use, and the other for their servant's: but, small and inconvenient as it was, they were thankful to take possession of it in the following October, though they were still destitute of bedstead, chairs, or any other article of furniture, except one table given them by Mrs. Cockran.

There is a Company's trading-post on the shores of the Manitoba Lake, and this, added to the unfailing abundance of fish, renders it a favourite resort of the Indians, who sometimes collect there in considerable numbers.

As was the case with Mr. Hunter at Cumberland, Mr. Cowley came in contact with many Indian superstitions which had long before disappeared from the neighbourhood of the Red River. The Saulteaux chief here had in his possession a birch-rind roll, very similar to the one we have before described as having belonged to the Cree chief, Louis Constant; and on one occasion Mr. Cowley observed an instance of superstition different from any we read of elsewhere. He says:—

"One day I saw something hanging on a tree, and went to look at it. It consisted of twenty small rods, peeled and painted red and black, and fastened together in a plane, with cords of bark. A piece of tobacco was placed between the tenth and eleventh rods, and the whole was suspended perpendicularly from a branch of the tree. It belonged to the old chief, who told me that when he was a young man he lay down to dream,* and that, in his dream, the moon spoke to him, and told him to make this charm, and to renew it every new moon, that he might

* See page 11.

have a long life. He had regularly done so ever since, till the preceding summer, when he almost forgot it, and was taken so ill as to be near dying; but he remembered it, his friends did it for him, and he recovered."

Is not this an example of untiring perseverance worthy of a better cause?

From the time of their first settling among them, Mr. and Mrs. Cowley left nothing undone to win these people to the truth. Their small house was open to them by night as well as by day, for conversation, or for shelter, or for food; they never sent them away, but on more than one occasion submitted to the dirty and disgusting habits of their visitors for two or three days together.

The people seemed disposed to listen to the Gospel; those on the spot generally attended at the daily family devotions, and absent ones would, if possible, return to the Sunday services.

While near, they would also willingly send their children to the school, but generally, after a little while, would suddenly decamp, take their children with them, and not return for months.

Mr. Cowley's journals, though interesting in themselves, do not afford many materials for our present purpose. A narrative of blighted hopes and disappointed expectations, though borne with constancy and patience, and firm reliance on the promises of God, would not be interesting in detail; and we shall, therefore, only touch on a few points that may convey to the reader some idea of the work at Manitoba.

The outward trials and privations of our Missionaries were not, perhaps, greater than those of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter at Cumberland, and they were borne with equal cheerfulness; but their souls were cast down within

them at the little effect produced by the preaching of the Gospel.

Occasionally Mr. Cowley's hopes were raised by one and another coming to ask what he must do to be saved; but all was as a morning cloud, and melted away before the next temptation. This was particularly the case in the autumn of 1845. Many had appeared more serious, and seemed to feel more interest than they had hitherto done in the truths of the Gospel; one man in particular, who went by the name of Robert, gave up his medicine bag and his heathen ways, and declared his intention to become a Christian. But just before the Christmas of the same year a trader arrived with a large quantity of rum, which he offered to the Indians in exchange for furs, or for anything else they possessed. They eagerly sought to procure the "fire-water;" everything they had was parted with to obtain it, and the scenes of intoxication and riot that went on for two or three weeks baffle all description. Not one escaped the snare; even Robert fell into it, and we never read of any after-change in him.

Had these poor creatures exercised only their reason, they would have been struck with the contrast their own condition at this time presented to that of two Indians from Red River, who happened just now to be at the station. They also were Saulteaux; but the grace of God had some years before taken possession of their hearts, and they were among the very few of their tribe who had, with Pigwys, settled at the Indian Village. They had left their home for some of the Saulteaux hunting-grounds near the Manitoba Lake, and had now come down to enjoy the Christmas services. They remained some little time with Mr. Cowley, receiving

the Lord's Supper, attending Divine worship, regular in their own morning and evening devotions, and resisting every temptation; while their quiet bearing, and their happy, peaceful countenances, gave additional proof of the Spirit that dwelt within.

Year after year rolled away—Mr. and Mrs. Cowley had fixed their permanent abode at a place called Partridge Crop; the word was preached "in season and out of season," but still there was no response. Civilisation was, however, beginning to make some progress; eight little cottages were to be seen beneath the shade of spreading oaks near the margin of the lake; each with its potatoe ground, one with its field of wheat and barley, while the owner of another was master of several head of cattle. The schools, too, went on well; and it often refreshed our Missionaries' drooping hearts to see these little ones neatly and comfortably clad in the garments they had given them, sitting round the room reading the word of God, or joining with their sweet voices in some simple hymn.

Occasionally, too, some little incident would occur to encourage hope: once, for instance, when Mr. Cowley was, as usual, taking advantage of the general absence of the Indians to go to some distant spot, he visited a chief called Kakepi, who was for a while encamped at a place forty or fifty miles from Partridge Crop. On his arrival, he was, to his surprise, shown into a new tent neatly lined with brushwood, and with a supply of logs for fuel; and he found it had been prepared for him, because, as the people said, he would want to pray, and their tents were too dirty for the purpose.

A gratifying proof was also given to our Missionary that his unwearied efforts were not wholly unappreci

ated, when, in 1847, the question was raised whether the station should not be abandoned. The Indians, hearing something of it, came to him, earnestly requesting him not to leave them, and saying, that though they were themselves too old to change, they wished their children to become "praying people." One man strikingly added, "I believe your message to be true, but if it is, why did you not sooner come and tell us? We might now have been a praying people, instead of having grown up heathens." What answer has the Christian Church to give this man?

The suspense in which Mr. Cowley remained till he could know the decision of the Parent Committee on this point, tested his own feelings; it proved that his affections were so drawn out to those people that, almost fruitless as his labours had been, he could not bear the thought of leaving them, and great was his thankfulness when, in the following year, the answer came from home, "We must not yet give up the Saulteaux."

Even up to the last account, things still remain in nearly the same state; at times there seems a shaking among the dry bones, as though the Spirit of God were breathing upon them. But again all is still; and we can only commend the Manitoba Station to the special prayers of our readers, concluding our account with an extract from one of Mr. Cowley's letters:—

"In God is my trust, and in Him is my confidence. He will not, He cannot, fail me in time of my greatest need. The assurance of your prayers and the prayers of my friends is a great comfort to me, but I pray to be kept from placing you or them in the stead of Christ. His merits and gracious offices of love are all-prevailing; I embark my all upon the ocean of His love, and trust His word of promise for every emergency."

CHAPTER XII.

ARRIVAL OF THE BISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND.

"We are come as far as to you also in preaching the Gospel of Christ."—2 *Cor.* x. 14.

THIS was the appropriate text, chosen by the first Bishop of Rupert's Land, for the first sermon he preached in his new diocese, at York Fort, on August 19th, 1849.

The appointment of a Bishop to this vast territory forms so important an era in the history of our Missions there, that we shall not hesitate to enter rather at large upon the subject.

Our Missionaries had long felt the importance of having among them a chief pastor, to whom they might look for counsel and encouragement, whose presence would strengthen the work they had begun, and under whom a native ministry might be raised up to carry the Gospel into hitherto untrodden regions. And we can well understand the anxiety they would feel that, whenever their desire should be granted, the appointment should fall on one who himself knew and possessed "the unsearchable riches of Christ," and the desire of whose heart would therefore be that they should be "preached among the Gentiles."

We may then suppose how great was their thankfulness to hear that, in the good providence of God, Dr. Anderson had been selected for the office, and to know that no one could have been chosen more fitted to encounter the difficulties of a newly-formed diocese, more competent to guide the studies of a future native ministry, more calculated to revive the drooping heart of the Missionary, or to keep alive and quicken the spirit of vital religion.

The consecration took place on May 29, 1849, in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, and on June the 7th the Bishop, with his sister and his three sons, embarked at Gravesend on board the Prince Rupert, accompanied by the Rev. R. and Mrs. Hunt, and Mr. Chapman.

They had a prosperous voyage, and found much to engage their attention in the new and strange sights that met them on their way. Some of these are so graphically described in a letter from the Bishop to his young friends in England, that we shall make a few extracts from it :—

"Surely 'they that go down to the sea in ships, see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep!' We saw them not in the gale or storm, for we were mercifully spared from anything of the kind; but we saw enough of the icebergs to realise the chief danger of the Arctic Sea. I cannot describe to you their figures or infinitely-varied appearances. Some are like churches, others like castles with towers, many like animals; in some you see the arches of bridges, with the water rolling beneath; while the smaller pieces floating about are like the frosted ornamental vases that are seen at home.

"Some were of the purest white, the surface generally of dead white, the effect of the snow; the lower part had a beautiful tint when they approached the sea, either from the action of the water, or from the clearness of the ice showing the colour of the sea. Their height was very various; many rose above the top-

mast; and one, which was not much higher than the rest, was 150 feet. And when the effect was heightened by a bright sunshine, and each piece and mass was reflected in the water, we gazed for a time to see whether the whole were not an illusion.

"I might also dwell on the tokens of God's goodness in the enjoyment which seems to fill the tenants of the sea: they seem to sport and play about in the very ecstasy of being; whether the whale sending up the column of water into the air; or the seals and porpoises crowding round the vessel; or the little stormy petrel following close behind, and picking up fragments; or the white polar bear, scarcely to be distinguished from the masses of ice by its side—all these we saw in their turn, and they reminded us how 'God openeth His hand, and satisfieth the desires of every living thing.' We felt that the sea was a world in itself; in every part of it bearing witness to God, and that, though we cannot hear the voice, there is a tribute of praise ever ascending from it, that the ice, and frost, and snow, as well as the expanse of the calm and quiet sea, praise the Lord and reflect His glory." —*Psal.* cxlviii. 8.

The Bishop also makes special mention of the beautiful Aurora Borealis, "shooting up in streams of brilliant light, and covering the whole of the zenith."*

One day in particular is spoken of as of surpassing beauty. They lay becalmed among the ice in Hudson's Straits, a few icebergs were in the distance, and much field-ice about, large pieces of which occasionally floated past the ship. One of the party writes,—

"It was Sunday; all around was calm and still as a smooth lake, and we were forcibly reminded of the sea of glass men-

* God has not left Himself without witness even in these inhospitable regions. The beauty and grandeur of the deep forests, the broad rivers, the foaming cataracts, the glorious firmament, and though last, not least, the mysterious Northern Lights, testify that our common Father cared for His "red" children, before the Sun of Righteousness arose upon them, and the Gospel began to "cheer the shivering natives' dull abode."

tioned in the Revelation. The sun was bright, the sky lovely; and clouds, sun, and sky, all and everything were reflected in the clear water. It seemed as if there were two heavens; and, perhaps, none of us had ever seen or imagined so lovely a sight on earth."

As they proceeded into the bay they found the cold severe, and on one occasion were "*fast*" in the ice for some hours; but they were soon free again, and shaping their course towards the south, anchored off York Fort on Thursday, August 16th.

Before they left the ship, the Bishop once more assembled the companions of his voyage to join with him in prayer and praise; and standing on the deck beneath the open canopy of heaven, they united in singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," then knelt down to pray, and the Bishop pronounced the blessing.

It was with varied emotions that the little party first set foot on this distant shore, adopting it, as it were, for their present home, and the probable scene of the "unknown to-morrow" of so many of their future years.

The chief factor at York Fort received the Bishop with every mark of respect and kindness, and it was an additional gratification to him to hear him speak of the Missionaries who had been previously sent; he had seen and known them all, and assured the Bishop that better men could not have been selected for the purpose, dwelling more especially on Mr. West and Mr. Cockran.

The Bishop soon gave token of the spirit in which he had entered on his new diocese, and the next Saturday we find him visiting the tents of some Indians in the neighbourhood. About eighteen collected round him, and attentively listened while himself and his chaplain (Mr. Hunt) spoke to them, through an interpreter, the

words of peace and salvation. Many were deeply affected, and expressed their sorrow that their forefathers had known nothing of the true God.

The Bishop commenced his public ministrations in his new diocese on the Sunday after his arrival (August 19), when divine service was held in the large hall of the Fort, all the Company's servants and about fifty Indians being present.

The text chosen by this truly missionary Bishop for his first address was, as we have already said, from 2 Cor. x. 14; and aware that many of the Indians would know enough of English to understand much of what he said, and that they would probably talk over with their friends what they might hear, he addressed part of his sermon especially to them, setting before them the Gospel, and telling them it was chiefly to *them* and their countrymen that he had been sent thus far "in preaching the Gospel of Christ."*

"So manifestly," we are told, "did his heart yearn over them that, gradually and unconsciously, he moved from behind the desk on which his Bible lay, and, with extended arms, advanced towards that part of the room where they were sitting, his voice meanwhile becoming tremulously expressive of the anxious Christian affection which possessed his heart."

In the afternoon of the same day his lordship, with some of his party, again visited one of the Indian tents. As they approached they heard singing, and discovered, to their surprise, that it was a hymn in Cree, set to the tune of the Old Hundredth Psalm. When they entered the tent, they found a fire of wood kindled, and the ground covered with leaves and small boughs to keep their feet from the grass. One or two boxes had been

* See text at head of chapter.

provided for seats, and about forty Indians placed themselves round them on the ground.

The Bishop and his chaplain had an animated and pleasant conversation with them, and were much struck with the good effect evidently produced by the distant missionary stations. None of these people were Christians, but they had acquired a partial knowledge of the truths of holy Scripture, partly from the annual visits of Christian Indians from the Red River, but chiefly from the Wesleyan missionaries at Norway House, from whom they had learned several Cree hymns and English tunes. They had some idea of sin, and some feeling of the need of a Saviour; they frequently talked together on religious subjects, were in the habit of praying and singing hymns every morning and evening, and most urgent for further instruction; and the Bishop could not help agreeing with them that "it did seem *very hard* to leave them without a teacher:" but there was no remedy, for none could be spared.

Before they left the tent they taught them the prayer of the Publican, and another short prayer for the Holy Spirit, to whose immediate teaching they commended them in the almost total absence of all human means.

During the Bishop's stay at York Fort four Indians applied for baptism. Two of them resided on the spot. They were half-brothers; and it appeared that one of them, who went by the name of John, had, four years before, visited Norway House, where he heard the Gospel preached by one of the Wesleyan missionaries. Anxious to know more, he procured a copy of the Cree alphabet, of which he soon made himself master; he then obtained a Catechism in the same language, which, with indefatigable perseverance and by embracing every

opportunity* of help from others, he learnt to read. He communicated his knowledge to his brother Joseph, whose heart was also touched, and they were now both of them candidates for admission into the visible Church.

The other two were also brothers; they came from Fort Churchill, 180 miles to the north of York Fort, and had, it seems, long ago received religious instruction from one of the Company's officers, Mr. Harding.† His departure, four years before, had deprived the Churchill Indians of all opportunity of instruction, but these two brothers could not be satisfied without learning more. They found that some Christian Indians from Norway House went annually with the boats to York Fort, and they had, every year since Mr. Harding's departure, come down to meet them there and to get what information they could from them. They were only able to have two or three days of intercourse with them on each occasion; yet so well had they improved these short opportunities, and so much had their own conversation and prayer with each other been blessed, that they were now also considered fit to be baptized.

As we might suppose, "the knowledge of all the four was confined to a few fundamental articles of our faith, but their religious experience appeared by no means so scanty, their hearts and consciences seemed to have been divinely taught, and that with so little external help that their attainments were the more remarkable."

* What a striking contrast does this, and similar instances which we have mentioned, present to the state of these forts as depicted in our first chapter! Praised be God!

† These were but rare, as the alphabet and Catechism were in peculiar characters, invented by the late Mr. Evans, a Wesleyan missionary.

They were baptized by the Bishop himself on the following Sunday, August 26, in the afternoon service, in the presence of a large congregation, the majority of whom were Indians.

His lordship, in relating these circumstances, adds:—

"They all came afterwards to our family prayers, and you would have been much pleased with their devout demeanour; they are, as far as we can see, very humble, and anxious to be guided into the way of salvation. We are very sorry to leave them, but shall not cease to pray for them as our first-fruits here. Among those present at the baptisms was Henry Prince, the son of Pigwys, who has come here with the Red River boats, I was delighted with him. There are three other Christians also here from the Indian Village, and they quite astonish me as to their manner and intelligence, and also (though I have not yet had so much opportunity of testing it) as to their knowledge of the word of God. Let me say here, that what I have seen of the Indians, as yet, exceeds my expectations."*

The Bishop and his party remained ten days at York Fort, and after a favourable passage up Port Nelson River to Norway House, and thence along Lake Winnipeg, arrived at the Red River on Wednesday, October 3.

After stopping for a few hours at the Indian Village,

* During his stay at York Fort the Bishop met the Indians every evening for reading and prayer. Besides those from the Indian Village, there were fifteen from Norway House, and a satisfactory testimony was borne to these men by five or six English sailors, who were returning from Sir John Richardson's last unsuccessful expedition, and who had been their companions from that place. They spoke of them as one of the best behaved and happiest boat's crew they had ever met with; they never omitted their morning and evening prayer and singing, and formed, they said, the greatest possible contrast to the awful cursing and swearing of the Canadian Roman Catholic voyageurs.

where they were delighted with the appearance of comfort all around, and where "the little church, the schoolhouse, and the parsonage, looked almost like an English village," they proceeded to the Lower Fort,* where comfortable rooms had been provided for them by the Hudson's Bay Company.

They had intended to remain there through the winter, but the death of Mr. Macullum† altered their plans, and induced the Bishop to remove with his family to the Upper Settlement, where his anxiety for the education of the native youths led him to undertake for a time the superintendence of the school.

The first church at which the Bishop preached was the old one at the Rapids, on the Sunday after his arrival.

"It was densely crowded, and many were outside at the doors and windows endeavouring to see and hear. I preached again from the same text as at York Fort, wishing to place it before them as the text that dwelt most on my own mind in meeting them for the first time. In remembrance of the many mercies we had experienced by land and sea, I invited them to the Lord's

* The Lower Fort is on the river side, four or five miles below the Rapids, and eight or nine above the Indian Village.

† The death of this good man took place just as the Bishop was entering the Red River, at sunrise, on October 3. He had been ordained by the Bishop of Montreal in 1844; but failure of health obliged him to relinquish ministerial work, and to confine himself to tuition. He was at the head of a school at the Upper Settlement for the sons of the officers of the Company, where all his energies were devoted to the mental and spiritual improvement of his pupils. He was a man of ability and solid piety, and his loss was deeply felt in the colony. His anxious desire had been to be permitted to see the Bishop, but this was withheld from him, and his lordship's first appearance at the Upper Church was to attend his remains to their resting-place.

Supper on the following Sunday, and although it was not one of their usual periods for the administration of the Sacrament, I was not a little delighted to find no less than 167 communicants, and this in a church which would not hold above 300. The appearance of the congregation is very devotional; they respond well, they sing with heart and soul. The first burst of music, when they all joined in the psalm of praise, quite upset and overpowered me; indeed I have not heard any sound sweeter to my ear since I left England. The more I have seen of this congregation and its pastor, the more I like them."

The people had been very anxious that their new church should have been ready before his lordship's arrival, but with all their efforts they could not get it completed till the middle of December.

"The 19th," writes the Bishop, "was fixed on for the consecration. The morning was very sharp and cold, and we had to start betimes to accomplish the distance (fourteen miles) in time. The sight on the river was a very pretty one, and if it could have been witnessed by friends at home, it would have been very gratifying to them. We were quite a cavalcade—twelve carioles, one after another, from this part of the settlement (the Upper); and as we went on many more fell into the line. At times the sun shone brightly on the pure surface of the snow, and caused a dazzling reflexion, while the whole effect was heightened by the pleasing sound of bells on many of the horses. The church was extremely well filled before the commencement of the service; every one was interested, and I cannot describe my own personal feelings; my gratification, at witnessing such a sight—the Indian and the Briton uniting in dedicating a fresh temple to the living God,—and my thankfulness for being permitted to take any part in this good work. I cannot reflect without self-abasement on the toil and labours which others have endured in laying the foundation of the Church of Christ in this land, while I have at once so much enjoyment in reaping the fruit of their self-denial, of their days and years of constant hardships. May God bless and guide me in raising the superstructure: may He enable me in His mercy to strengthen and consolidate the whole!"

The next Sunday, December 23, the Bishop ordained Mr. Chapman, when, many having come from the other congregations, there was a still larger assemblage than on the preceding Wednesday. The Bishop had given notice of the Lord's Supper, and to his surprise 250 responded to the invitation.

"All drew near in the most devout and reverent manner; I saw the lips of many moving in secret prayer, and several of them were in tears. It was indeed a day of joy, the first Sabbath and the first communion in that church,* and the ordination of another minister of God's word."

On Christmas Day the Bishop officiated at the Indian church. Circumstances had prevented his doing so before, but, as he told the people, there could not have been a more suitable day for his first addressing them than that on which we hail the glad tidings of great joy in the birth of a Redeemer. He had gone down to the village on the preceding afternoon, to be ready for the services of the morrow, and our readers will like to hear his own account of this Christmas Eve :—

"The ride from the Lower Fort to the Indian church is the prettiest in the settlement, and the day was bright and beautiful, so that I saw it to advantage. The greater part of the way you drive through the woods, till you suddenly come on the river at a small island, where it widens and forms a large sheet of water almost like a lake,† between the island and the Indian church. The flag was hoisted before the houses of Mr. Smithurst and the Chief Pigwys in honour of my arrival. In the afternoon I visited the chief, and conversed with him for some time; and finding that his grandson was to be baptized the next day, I promised to do this myself. In the evening, according to good old English customs, Mr. Smithurst distributed meat and vege-

* The name of St. Andrew's had been fixed on by the people for their church before the arrival of the Bishop.

† Or crescent bay; see page 83.

tables among the poor: every widow six pounds of beef and a quarter of a bushel of turnips. We then had service in the church, as it is always Mr. Smithurst's custom to have a short service on the evening before the administration of the Lord's Supper.

"The following morning the weather had changed, a very high wind, with a severe and drifting snow-storm: but we found no empty seats in church, above 250 assembled to celebrate the birth of their Saviour; and out of these, 86 joined together to commemorate His dying love at His holy table.

"There is a remarkable stillness in the Indian church during divine service, and great reverence of manner; and we noticed here, as we had done at the Rapids, that many were in tears while kneeling to communicate.

"I preached in the morning from Luke, ii. 15. In the afternoon the first part of the service was read by Mr. Hunt in English, the remainder in Cree by Mr. Smithurst. I baptized the grandson of the chief, the child of his *eldest Christian son;* after which there was a short sermon in Cree read by the schoolmaster, who had translated it from one in Jowett's 'Christian Visitor.' This is found to be generally a better plan than the words of the clergyman being translated, sentence by sentence, by an interpreter. The singing was remarkably good, and the people seemed to enjoy it; they have been taught by Mr. Smithurst, and since Mr. Hunt's arrival he has kindly assisted. We had the usual Christmas hymns, 'While Shepherds,' 'High let us swell,' and 'Hark, the herald angels sing;' and at the conclusion, the Evening Hymn to Tallis's beautiful melody. I could not restrain the expression of my pleasure after all was finished, and told them how much I had enjoyed the services of the day, and how delighted I was to find that they could join in such a way in the praises of our Heavenly Father."

The next morning, before the Bishop left the village, the chief called to present him with a calumet of peace: it was a very pretty one, with an ornamental handle, and the mouthpiece was made of the celebrated red stone mentioned by Catlin.

We shall conclude this chapter with a few notices of

the general state of the Missions on the Red River up to June 1850.

The Bishop had examined several of the schools supported by the Church Missionary Society, and was much pleased with them, and mentions the universal excellence of the writing and accuracy of spelling; but we have no farther particulars of any except the principal one at the Rapids, where we are told that "while the knowledge of sacred things takes precedence of all other, the boys of the first class are almost masters of the maps and globes, and have made good progress in English history."

On the 10th of January, 1850, a Missionary Meeting was held, and a Church Missionary Association for Rupert's Land was organised: sermons were also preached in the different churches. The Governor made a munificent donation of 50*l.*, and the congregations contributed largely, considering their circumstances; viz. 29*l.* 9*s.* in money, and wheat, barley, and cloth, to the amount of nearly 50*l.* in addition.

In May, 1850, the Bishop held a confirmation, when nearly four hundred persons renewed their baptismal vows.

Mr. Chapman had, upon his ordination in December 1849, been appointed to the Middle Church, and Mr. James was by this arrangement enabled to devote his whole time and energies to the Rapids. Writing in June 1850, he says:—

"You will not expect to hear of the conversion of heathen in my district, for though there are still numbers all around us, there is not one remaining within its limits. I frequently, however, meet with some, and have close conversation with them. They are generally Saulteaux, and their prevailing sentiment may be expressed in the words of one of them to whom I lately

spoke,—'We like our ways as much as you do yours.' On my telling him that on my knees I daily prayed that the Holy Spirit might convert them all from darkness to light, he angrily replied, 'We shall be what we are.' But among our Christian people the work of the Holy Spirit has been deepened, and the life of Jesus more manifested. Especially among our adult youths, I trace a decision and seriousness which calls forth the thankfulness and joy of my heart. 140 were confirmed last May; and the number of communicants (though I have lately thought it right to exclude a few) amounts to 211, all of whom I believe adorn their professions, and walk in newness of life. Our spacious church is not far from full, and Sabbath desecration is a thing I never witness."

We must add a word or two from our former friend, Mr. Cockran:—

"We do indeed rejoice in our excellent Bishop. He is truly a missionary in all his feelings and operations, and his heart burns with ardent zeal to spread the Gospel among the benighted Indians. He has consecrated the Rapids Church, ordained Mr. Chapman, and held four confirmations* in this settlement, in which he has confirmed about 400 persons. Those, with the 800 confirmed by the Bishop of Montreal in 1844, make a band of 1200 confirmed Christians among us. At these four stations we have above 400 communicants. In the burying-ground at the Upper Church lie the bodies of 425 persons, many of whom departed this life in the faith, and fear, and love of God, and are now before His throne, and serve Him day and night in His temple. Thus you see we have a Church triumphant in heaven, as well as a Church militant on earth. We may well ask, 'What shall we render unto the Lord for all the blessings He has bestowed upon us?' 'He hath done great things for us, whereof we rejoice.'"

On June 6, 1850, the Bishop left the Red River on a visit to Cumberland Pas, where his presence had been most anxiously desired by Mr. Hunter and his Indians. He was accompanied by the Rev. R. and Mrs. Hunt,

* This is exclusive of one at Cumberland station.

who had, it will be remembered, come out with him in the Prince Rupert, and who had been appointed to the remote district of English River.

They came in sight of the Pas on Saturday evening, June 29th, just as the sun was setting; "at the very moment," the Bishop writes, "that I would have chosen for my arrival, and for my first view of the spire of this pretty church."

"This pretty church" is as yet a stranger to our readers, though they will remember that Mr. Hunter had long ago fixed on a site for it on the bank of the river opposite to his own house.

The Indians had been willing to help, and contributed labour and materials to a considerable amount; but, although they had learnt enough of carpenter's work to build their own log-houses, there was no one competent to undertake the erection of so large a building as a church. Mr. Hunter devoted much thought and time and labour to the subject, but all would have been of little avail, had it not been for one of those providential circumstances, which so often occur, but which we are sometimes so slow to acknowledge.

Some of the English sailors attached to Sir John Richardson's last and, alas! fruitless expedition, had been sent forward to be in readiness to start with him, and were, during the winter of 1847–48, located at Cumberland Fort, a day and a half distance from the Pas. One of the men was a carpenter, and he readily and kindly gave Mr. Hunter all the assistance in his power while he remained in the neighbourhood. The church progressed considerably under his directions, and when he went away, Mr. Hunter was able to procure another carpenter from Norway House.

At last the church was completed.* It stands in a neatly-fenced burying-ground, and is surrounded by several Indian dwellings; the parsonage stands among other cottages on the opposite bank, and the whole is striking and picturesque.

During his short sojourn here, the Bishop consecrated this church by the name of Christ's Church; he also examined and confirmed a hundred and ten candidates,† with whose "intelligent and experimental knowledge of our most holy faith," he expressed himself as having been much surprised. He also arranged with Mr. Hunter that a steady and consistent Christian Indian, named John Humphible, should be sent to Moose Lake, as the commencement of a permanent station there.

We do not attempt any further account of the Bishop's visit to Cumberland Pas, because, though his lordship speaks of the station as far exceeding his expectations, and as likely to form the centre of widely-extended missionary operations, he has given us the hope of receiving an account of it from his own pen.

We shall therefore only say, that leaving Mr. and Mrs. Hunter greatly refreshed and encouraged by his kind and seasonable visit, he set out on his return home on Monday, July 8, taking with him Mr. Budd, with his eldest son, and the eldest son of Mr. Settee; the two latter to be placed in the seminary, and the former to study under the Bishop's own eye, with a view to his future ordination.

* See engraving in "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for December, 1850.

† Two of these were Abraham and Paul from Lac la Ronge. See pp. 164, 165.

CHAPTER XIII.

BISHOP'S VISIT TO CUMBERLAND — MR. AND MRS. HUNT'S JOURNEY TO LAC LA RONGE — RECENT INTELLIGENCE.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Eccles.* xi. 1.

Our chief object throughout this little volume has been to lay before the friends of Missions as intelligent and connected a view as we could, of the work of God in this interesting field, not only that they may be led to glorify the power of His grace, but also that they may be able the better to follow up its future history, as it will be recorded in the periodical publications* of the Church Missionary Society.

For this reason we are unwilling to leave the subject without giving, as far as possible, the actual present state of the whole Mission; some of the present chapter will, therefore, be occupied in a kind of summary of the different stations; and we must crave the indulgence of our readers if, on this account, they find it more unconnected and less interesting than some of the preceding ones.

Before, however, we enter upon this, we must give some account of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and their progress

* "Church Missionary Intelligencer," "Record" "Gleaner," and "Juvenile Instructor," all published monthly, and in the Annual Report.

to their newly-assigned district of English River,* in the far north-west; and that we may do so the more satisfactorily, we will return to the time of their departure from the Red River.

They had remained during the winter and spring of 1849–50 at the Lower Fort; Mr. Hunt rendering valuable help to Mr. James at the Rapids, Mrs. Hunt assisting in the education of some young women, and both of them diligently engaged in learning the language. They had much enjoyed these nine months of retirement and Christian intercourse; but the rivers were now open, and they would not delay their departure.

Their friends at the Red River had left nothing undone that affectionate anxiety could suggest, to lessen the annoyances of the voyage, or to remove some of the difficulties of their first settling.

A large boat had been prepared for their personal accommodation, with an awning of oilskin to shelter them from rain or heat. They were well supplied with the usually provided stores for such occasions. A few articles of necessary furniture, tools, locks, hinges, window-frames, glass, &c. formed part of their cargo; to which were added provisions for themselves and their crews for the two months' voyage; clothes, flour, pemican, and all other articles of food for themselves for the next fifteen months; besides blankets, warm clothing, and flour, for the destitute Indians by whom they would be surrounded.

The numerous presents they received were very gratifying to them; among other things, the congregation at

* The district of English River is computed to be 600 miles in length and 400 in breadth, covering a larger portion of the earth's surface than England, Scotland, and Ireland united. It includes the stations of Lac la Ronge and Ile de la Crosse.

the Rapids presented them with 50 cwt. of flour for distribution among the Indians, promising them the same supply annually till they should be able to raise it for themselves. One poor woman sent them a couple of fowls, another two dozen of eggs, a young girl brought a pair of Indian shoes, while one man begged their acceptance of a *basket of salt*, which, strange as the present would seem to us, was no inconsiderable gift, where English salt is rare and expensive, and is sold at 16*s*. the bushel.

It was a lovely day, when, on the 6th of June, their friends pressed round them on the river-side to bid them farewell, and to wish them every blessing; and they entered the canoe which was to bear them into the distant wilderness, far away from every English friend and from all civilised society. The parting could not be otherwise than solemn and affecting, as, with feelings of deep emotion, they turned to take a last look at friends and scenes endeared to them by many happy hours. But it was no look of lingering regret or of sorrowful misgiving; they had counted the cost, they felt they were called to that distant sphere, they knew they should find a people whose hearts the Lord had prepared, and they rejoiced "that they were counted worthy to suffer" trials "for His name."

It was a great comfort to them to have the company of the Bishop for the first half of the way; his cheerfulness and ever-ready kindness encouraged their spirits and beguiled many a weary hour, and as long as they were with him, they felt they had not parted from every friend.

We shall not attempt any description of their route to Norway House, but cannot quite pass by one little

incident, which must have served in some degree to initiate our Missionaries into their future wilderness life. As they were passing up Lake Winnipeg a violent thunderstorm obliged them to run the boats into a little bay, where they landed, pitched their tents, and remained a few hours, till the weather allowed them to proceed. While there, an infant was brought to be baptized. Where its parents came from, or how they happened to be on the spot at the time, we are not told; probably some Christian Indians, on their way from one or other of the Company's posts, had seen the boats of our travellers, and finding there was a "praying-master" among them, availed themselves of the unexpected opportunity.

Be this as it may, the whole scene was wild and peculiar. Sabina, a female servant whom Mrs. Hunt had brought with her from Red River, held a bason filled with water, which served as a font; one of the men held an umbrella over Mr. Hunt to shade him from the sun, which had gleamed out with scorching heat; the father, mother, and godparents of the child presented it for baptism; the crews of the boats gathered round; and there in the open air, on the shores of that mighty lake, with its pine-clad islands and its picturesque rocks, the little Indian "Catherine" was received into the fold of Christ's church, and was signed "with the sign of the Cross, in token that," wherever her future lot should be cast, "she should not be ashamed to confess Christ crucified."

The party were much refreshed by a quiet Sunday they passed at Norway House; and then, setting out again, they crossed the Lake and soon entered the Sasketchewan River. Their next Sunday was spent at the

"Great Falls" upon this river, when, spreading the sails of their boats between two trees, they had divine service under the welcome shade. Their own crews, and some Red River Indians who happened to be there, made quite a congregation; and here, in the midst of wood and water, they enjoyed our beautiful Liturgy.*

As we have mentioned in the preceding chapter, they arrived, in company with the Bishop, at Cumberland Pas on Saturday, June 29, and found their short visit there very refreshing after the fatigues of the last three weeks.

It must have been almost like leaving home again when they quitted the Pas, and left behind them the last spot of civilisation and Christian society. But they well knew that,

> "Of the brooks upon the way
> We may taste, but not delay;
> Nor must our high emprize be for love of such forsworn."†

And so, after two days of rest and pleasant intercourse, they bade adieu to their kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter; and, strengthened and encouraged by the earnest, affectionate prayers of their "dear and valued Bishop," set out again on the 1st or 2d of July, accompanied by Abraham and Paul, and kindly supplied by Mr. Hunter with a stock of fresh provisions for the way.

And now began the most difficult and trying portion of the voyage. Except on Sundays, when Mr. Hunt insisted on resting for the whole day, they generally

* The Missionaries in their solitary stations often speak of the great comfort they find in our Liturgy, linking them, as it were, with so many of God's people in distant lands.

† From an unpublished poem by the late Dr. Arnold.

started at three o'clock in the morning, and seldom stopped till seven or eight in the evening. As they advanced into the interior, the country became more rocky and mountainous, and, consequently, the "portages" were more frequent and the rowing more difficult. At every rapid the heavy-laden boats were to be unloaded and loaded again; and, even when thus emptied, it required skill and indefatigable labour to drag them up the stream, and through the foaming waters, over rocks and beds of shingle, or to carry them along the steep and rocky banks. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had to scramble over stones and stumps of trees, or to make their way through the thickly-woven underwood, till they could join the boat again.

To a lady, the hardships experienced must have been very great; but Mrs. Hunt, like the rest of the sister-band of Missionaries in Rupert's Land, was largely endued with that true feminine courage, which, though it will not invite toil, or hardship, or suffering, yet does not shrink from them when they come, and meets them with cheerful, uncomplaining, "high-enduring strength."

Nothing strikes an English person more than the loneliness of these wilds. Our travellers passed many days without seeing a human being, save their own boats' crew; and often, during the long hours they passed sitting at the stern of their little vessel, nothing was heard to break the deep silence except the song of some unknown bird, the sound of the rippling waters, or the measured splash of oars.

Thus passed days and weeks; they had left the Pas on the 1st or 2d of July, and it was now the 26th. The river Sasketchewan had long been left behind, and

for more than a fortnight they had been ascending one of its tributary streams. They had arrived at the Frog Portage, where, quitting the stream altogether, the boats and their cargoes were dragged over rough and rugged ground for half-a-quarter of a mile to the Rapid River; and they were now within one short day's journey of the Company's post, and not quite two from the place of their destination. Here it had been arranged that Indians from Lac la Ronge should meet them with canoes, and convey them the remainder of the way; but they were much disappointed to find, on their arrival at the appointed spot, that the people, tired of waiting, had all gone back, except three men with one small canoe.

What was to be done? The boats' crews who had brought them hitherto, worn out and dispirited with the length and difficulties of the way, refused to go further, and nothing remained but for Mr. Hunt to get into the Lac la Ronge canoe, and proceed to the Fort to endeavour to obtain assistance. There was no room in it for Mrs. Hunt or her maid, and although it required some little faith and courage, she cheerfully consented to remain behind in the boat till Mr. Hunt's return, which could not be till the middle of the following day. Situated as she was, alone among so many Indians, we can well understand that the present of a moose-chop from one of the crew was no unwelcome token of good-will; and, commending herself and Sabina to the care of Him, "who never slumbereth nor sleepeth," they both "laid them down in peace, and rose again, for the Lord sustained them."

At four o'clock in the morning they were summoned to leave the boat, and walking some little distance to a tent that was pitched for them, where they enjoyed a

refreshing beverage of wild gooseberries boiled in water, they quietly awaited the return of Mr. Hunt.

He brought back the required help, and before nightfall they reached the eastern shore of Lac la Ronge, where they found a kind and hospitable welcome from Mr. Lewis, the gentleman in charge of the Company's post there. The next day was Sunday, and Mr. Hunt was glad of the opportunity of holding divine service. On Monday, July 29, they left the fort early, and crossing the lake, arrived at Mr. Settee's dwelling in the course of the afternoon, "our clothes and provisions," writes our Missionary, "nearly in the same condition as those the Gibeonites brought with them to Joshua; but here we are, and most heartily we thank God for it." Two rooms had been prepared for themselves and their servant, and here they were to pass the eight months of the ensuing winter.

Their first impressions on arriving at the lake were anything but favourable as to its fitness for a permanent residence. Nothing was to be seen but rocks and water, except that here and there a little soil had drifted into the chasms, and afforded a precarious nourishment to a few trees. At one part the granite rocks had once been covered with herbage; but twelve years before, a prairie fire had swept over them, and no trace of vegetation now remained.

As they approached the Missionary station, however, the aspect of things rather improved. Mr. Settee had succeeded in finding a spot where the granite rock had given place to a cold, damp clay, covered in some places with vegetable mould to the depth of five or six inches. It was thick with underwood, among which were found the wild gooseberry, raspberry, strawberry, and cran-

berry. Many pines, poplars, and birches, grew there also; and Mr. Hunt was encouraged to hope, that by clearing and draining, the land might eventually be made capable of cultivation. This would, however, require a long time and much labour; and till then they must depend for their supplies of flour, potatoes, &c., on the settlement at Red River.* Of animal food they were likely, during great part of the year, to find a good supply on the spot. The moose-deer are often plentiful in the neighbourhood; ducks and geese may also be procured; and, in their season, there would be pheasants and grouse.

At the time of our Missionaries' arrival there were not more than ten Indians at the place; but they hoped soon to see a larger number assembled from their distant grounds.

The appearance of the children was very miserable, and excited the compassion of Mrs. Hunt; but as her last letter was written only on the day after her arrival, she had not then been able to form any definite plan. A schoolroom had been begun, but was not finished, there being no parchment at hand for the windows; and for some time past, Mr. Settee had been so entirely occupied in his other duties, that the school had been suspended.

The temporal condition of the poor Indians in this wilderness seems to be most wretched, and their sufferings during the winter are sometimes fearful. Mr. Hunt relates the cases of no fewer than seventeen individuals whom Mr. Settee had, during the preceding winter of

* Should cultivation prove impracticable, the station will, probably, be removed to Green Lake, another of the outposts of Ile de la Crosse, and a more promising spot.

1849–50, been the means of saving from destruction, and from becoming a prey to the hungry wolves that roam throughout these howling wastes. Some particulars of these will interest our readers:—

"On January 26, 1850, an Indian arrived at Mr. Settee's in a state of almost starvation. Food was given him, and, while eagerly eating it, he fell backward from exhaustion, and was only just able to say that he had 'thrown away' his family,—meaning, that he had left them so worn out with cold and hunger that they could go no further. Abraham happened to be just then at the station, and with his characteristic zeal and energy set out in search of them, though the only traces he had of them were the footsteps of the man on the moss and snow. He walked all that night, all the next day, and following night. The cold was severe, the walking in the snow fatiguing; but he would not give up the search. At last he found them—a woman, two young men, and three children—huddled together in the snow, but still alive. He lighted a fire, made broth of some fish he had brought with him, and carefully fed them with this till they were sufficiently revived to return with him."

A fortnight later, another family—Henry Bear, his wife, and child—arrived at the missionary dwelling. They were wasted with cold and hunger, having eaten nothing for seven days;* but by kind and judicious treatment their lives were preserved, though the infant continued very unhealthy.

Before the month of February had closed, two half-famished women made their appearance, and stated that their husbands and three children were perishing in the snow from want of food. An Indian, who was suffering greatly from a wound in his neck, set off in search of them, and after five days brought them all safely to this house of mercy.

* The Indians have great power of abstinence, and it is said that some have been known to fast for ten days together.

Mr. Hunt adds,—

"One more tale of pity for the Dorcases of our Society. Among the children whom I found here, boarded, clothed, and educated at the Society's expense, are four, whose history I must relate.

"One day, Mr. Settee saw a canoe on the lake, drifting towards the station; it was nearly filled with water, and a young child was attempting to paddle it with a stick. As he watched it, three other little heads appeared. He went to it as it neared the shore, and recognised the children whose mother he had buried not long before. He found from them that their father had taken them ashore, and after striking a light and giving it to the eldest, laid down, as they supposed, to sleep. But he slept so long that they were frightened: they called to him, but he did not answer; they pushed him, but he did not stir; so they got into the boat and came away. Mr. Settee went immediately in search of the poor man, and found him dead upon the shore. He buried the body, and took the children to his own house."

More widely separated as Mr. and Mrs. Hunt are from all civilised and social intercourse than any of their fellow-labourers, they seem to claim our peculiar sympathy and interest.* Roughly estimated, their distance from Cumberland is above 400 miles, and not less than 800 from Red River; yet if they have the presence of their God and Saviour abiding in their hearts, and if they are permitted to form another oasis

* If any friends are disposed to assist this station, or any other in Rupert's Land, by presents of warm clothing for the people, or of articles for the use of the schools and for rewards, they will be most thankfully received; and, if sent to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, by the middle of May, will be forwarded by the ships of the same season. Those sent to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt will not, however, probably reach them for fourteen months, as they will have to remain during the winter at Norway House.

of Christianity and civilisation in that moral desert, they will not feel the loneliness of their position, but will rejoice in Him who maketh "the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water."

Before we leave the neighbourhood of Lac la Ronge, we must recall to our readers the still more distant station of Ile de la Crosse,* to which, they will remember, James Beardy proceeded, when his place at Lac la Ronge was supplied by Mr. Settee. We have not any very recent particulars from it; the last we have heard of it was a visit Mr. Settee paid in the winter of 1849–50. There were at that time not many Indians there, but the few he saw were in a very promising state of mind.

An interesting incident occurred on his journey thither. Observing a great smoke at some little distance, he made towards the spot, and found one man and four women, with several children, sitting on the ground in great grief. They were mourning over the loss of a brother, to whom they were strongly attached, and seemed inconsolable. Mr. Settee spoke to them of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life;" and their softened hearts were so interested that they begged him to remain with them a little while and tell them more. He did so: the rest of the day and the greatest part of the night were passed in telling them of Him who came into the world to save sinners; and when he left them on the following morning to pursue his journey, they promised to await his return at the same spot. On his way back, a fortnight after, he found them still there. He again remained a day and a night with them, and taught them the Lord's Prayer and two hymns. They

* Ten days' journey beyond Lac la Ronge.

seemed seriously impressed, and declared their intention of relinquishing their heathen practices, of no longer worshipping wood and stone, and of coming to his school.

We hope the next accounts will tell us more of these poor people.

We must now return to the Bishop and Mr. Budd, whom we left on their way from Cumberland to the Red River.

Mr. Budd remained for several months at the Upper Settlement, pursuing his studies under the kind care of the Bishop, and winning the approbation and affection of the Missionaries and the people, till, on December 22, after a strict and very satisfactory examination, he was admitted to holy orders.

Mr. Chapman and Mr. Taylor, the latter of whom had lately arrived, were ordained priests at the same time; and, under date of January 1851, the Bishop, speaking of this ordination, writes:—

"December 22d will long be remembered by us all, and also the Missionary Meeting of January 3d. The ordination, December 22d, was throughout a most solemn and impressive service. All the clergy were present, except Mr. Hunter and Mr. Hunt; Mr. Cowley having arrived the previous afternoon. Many were present from all the different congregations, and St. Andrew's church was filled to overflowing. The sight on the river was beautiful; there might have been two hundred carioles passing to the house of God. The number within the walls was about eleven hundred; and the number of communicants at the conclusion was nearly three hundred. All the clergy present took some part in the service. Mr. Budd read the Gospel, Matt. ix. 36; a very suitable one from his lips.

"I felt much the solemn responsibility and high privilege of ordaining the first native minister; and I believe all present shared in the feeling."

Our newly-ordained Missionary read prayers on Christ-

mas Day for the first time, and preached in Indian in the afternoon, from the words, "The dayspring from on high hath visited us;" and in consequence of the urgent request of the people at the Rapids, he preached there also in Indian on Monday, December 30. There were at least five hundred persons present, and, as most of the people there are either Indians or half-breeds, he was well understood. Among them were many Indians from the neighbourhood, who still reject the Gospel; they appeared absorbed in what they heard, and kept their eyes steadily fixed on Mr. Budd. One of his hearers was his own mother; her countenance expressing every emotion which might be supposed to fill the heart of a Christian Indian mother at thus witnessing her son as the first "ambassador for Christ" from among her own people. Mr. James adds,—"I listened and gazed, and thanked God for what I saw and heard."

Mr. Budd preached also at the Indian Village, and at the Upper Settlement; and so strong was the feeling towards him on the part of his fellow Indians throughout the colony, that it was difficult to convince them that his sphere of duty lay far distant. Those of the Middle Church district, when they found he must leave them, agreed together to promise him assistance in his new station, wherever it might be; and engaged, as soon as the spring was sufficiently advanced, to send him eighty bushels of corn, sixty yards of printed cloth, and 3*l.* or 4*l.* in money. "This was not only a delightful proof of their good feeling, but will prove a substantial help to him."

On January 6, 1851, he left the Red River, proceeding to Partridge Crop in company with Mr. Cowley, from whence he was to travel the rest of the way on

foot to Cumberland, to remain for the present with Mr. Hunter, and soon, it was hoped, to form a permanent settlement at Moose Lake. The Bishop speaks of him with affectionate kindness, and with earnest desires for the fulness of the Divine blessing upon him and upon his work.

May he indeed follow him whose honoured name he bears, as he has followed Christ! But we must not forget that, as the first clergyman of the Church of England from among his own countrymen, he will be exposed to peculiar temptations, and will especially need the prayers of the people of God, that Satan may not get an advantage over him.

And now, shortly to sum up the present state of our Mission in Rupert's Land.

The Bishop, beloved and respected by all, resides at the Upper Settlement, where, in addition to his other duties, he interests himself in the education of the youths in the seminary; intending, if so permitted in the providence of God, at some future time to establish a college where young men may be prepared for ordination. Mr. Cockran is also at the Upper Settlement, as chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company; still active, energetic, and with a heart as devoted as ever to the work of his Lord and Saviour.

The Middle Church is prospering under the charge of Mr. Chapman; and Mr. James still lives in the hearts of his people at the Rapids, though the state of Mrs. James's health will, it is feared, oblige them soon to pay a visit to England.

Mr. Smithurst remains at the Indian Village; a slight cloud, that for a moment hung over some of the people there, has passed away, and all again is bright.

Mr. Cowley continues at Manitoba Lake, his health a good deal shaken; but labouring among the still indifferent Indians with the same unwearying love and unmurmuring patience that have always marked his course. His hands have been lately strengthened by the accession of a valuable assistant in Mr. Charles Pratt, a contemporary at the Indian School of Mr. Budd and Mr. Settee, like them a pure Indian, and giving the same promise of future usefulness.

A new station is about to be commenced at Moose Fort,* at the head of James's Bay; and the Bishop, in speaking of the many promising openings for Missionary stations, enumerates the following:—York Fort, including Churchill; Fort Alexander, on the River Winnipeg; Fort Pelley, near the Lake; and Swan River, between Manitoba and Cumberland; besides several new outstations from Cumberland and Lac la Ronge; and Fort Chippewyan in the Athabasca country.

We must pause here, earnestly to lay before our readers the responsibility that lies upon us all, as members of a Church that holds the pure faith of the Gospel, not only of doing all that in us lies to supply the wants of this and our every other mission, but more especially of cultivating an *habitual* spirit of prayer, that "the Lord of the harvest would send forth labourers into His harvest."

The passage of Scripture at the head of this chapter gives us every encouragement; let us turn to it and recall the events of the last thirty years.

Looking back to the time when the Prince of Dark-

* This must not be mistaken for Moose *Lake*, near Cumberland.

ness held undisputed sway over this whole land, when no ray of light had as yet penetrated an Indian wigwam; and, recalling the first faint gleams that shone round the path of our earliest Missionary, let us contrast with this the present state of things.

It was in September 1820, that Mr. West taught Henry Budd, his first Indian boy, that short and simple prayer—"Great Father, teach me, for Jesus Christ's sake;" and in December 1850, Henry Budd is ordained as a herald of salvation to his countrymen.

On October 4, 1820, the Missionary lifted up his solitary voice, in a room at the Upper Fort, to proclaim publicly, for the first time in Rupert's Land, the glad tidings of great joy for all people. In December 1850, we have seven * stations with eight ordained clergymen of the Church of England (at five of which suitable and substantial churches have been built); at two † other places, native catechists are in charge; and a tenth ‡ position is about to be occupied; while over the whole is placed a chief pastor, whose earnest desire it is to feed and guide the several flocks according to the word of God.§

When we look at the extent of Rupert's Land, we

* Viz. Upper and Middle Churches, Rapids, Indian Village, Cumberland, Manitoba, and Lac la Ronge, and churches at the five first.

† Moose Lake and Ile de la Crosse.

‡ Moose Fort.

§ Nor would we omit the labours of other Societies who entered the field later than our own. The Wesleyans have for many years been very active in the neighbourhood of Norway and Oxford House, and the Americans are still on the west of the Rocky Mountains pursuing their work of love, while the blessing of God rests on the labours of both.

sadly feel how little all this is compared with what is needed; yet surely we may ask—"Has not the bread cast upon the waters been found after many days?"

We must now bring our history to a conclusion, but not till we have introduced a few words from one of the Bishop's letters to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society:—

"Let me," writes his Lordship, "assure your noble President and the Committee that the labours of the Church Missionary Society are most gratefully acknowledged here. All in the settlement feel that they are what they are, as regards their religious hopes and privileges, through your gratuitous exertions. They are sensible, and painfully so, that they can do little to repay you; but they know that you look to something higher and nobler, even to a rich harvest of souls, rescued from the power of Satan through the preaching of the everlasting Gospel. Let me beg, very affectionately, your earnest and continued prayers, that a more abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit may attend the preaching of the Word of Truth, through the length and breadth of this mighty land."

And now, what remains but to bless God who has thus planted the bow of His everlasting covenant in those dark regions? May it still spread onward, till the whole continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, be spanned by its glorious arch. And should it indeed be that darkness shall once again cover our older world, may these Western Churches retain their purity and light, until He come before whose brightness all reflected glory shall be dim; when clouds and darkness, sin and suffering, shall for ever flee away; and when the "city shall have no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb shall be the light thereof!"

Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

APPENDIX.

SINCE the foregoing pages were written, a private letter of a later date has been received from Mrs. Hunt, extracts from which have kindly been placed in our hands, and as we are sure they will interest our readers, we have decided to insert them in the form of an Appendix :—

"*Lac la Ronge Station,*
"*August* 19, 1850.

* * * "Let me tell you, in the first place, and tell it to the praise of our God, to whom all praise is due, that we are *very* comfortable indeed. I felt happy and comfortable at Red River, but I am more so here; and I am more and more convinced that when the Lord directs us to any place, He Himself goes with us, and prepares the way. Goodness and mercy follow us —would that we were more faithful to Him, and served Him better! I ardently long for this.

"As to our daily temporal mercies, they abound; and I do feel that, while the Lord is so watchful and tender over *us*, we should indeed give up our all for Him and His service. We arrived here, as you know, on July 29, three weeks ago, but are hardly yet settled. The station consists of our house, Mr. Settee's house, a school-room, and M'Cleod's house. A short distance from us are several huts where the Indians live, and round us is wood. In front, a very rough path leads down to the lake, and here the trees have been cut down. Mr. Hunt has had the ground drained, and we hope to have it planted in the spring.

"Mr. Settee has an enclosed piece of ground, where there are potatoes and a few turnips. M'Cleod has been making hay: there is plenty of grass near the lake in patches, and as we hope soon to have a cow, it is necessary to have hay made. Our house, which consists of two rooms, is really very comfortable. Sabina (the servant we brought with us from Red River) cooks, &c. in Mr. Settee's kitchen.

"We are very happy, and feel little, or not at all, the want of society; indeed, our time is so fully occupied that it is a great comfort not to be called away from our daily duties.

"Now for a little account of our days:—Prayers in the school-room at seven o'clock. Mr. Hunt rings a bell a few minutes before to give notice, as *our* watches and dial are the only time-pieces here. After prayers we have breakfast, which generally consists of cocoa, biscuits, and excellent fish, caught that same morning. After this, and a little time to myself for reading, I go to the school from nine o'clock to twelve. We dine at two, and in the afternoon are again busy till six, when I meet the *women* in the school-room, and teach them to read till seven, when we have evening prayers; and after this, we often have to speak to one or two, to whom we are giving medicine.

"This week Mr. Hunt is meeting the candidates for baptism. Mr. Settee is a good schoolmaster, and there are at present about twenty children in the school. I have been much occupied in cutting out and making clothes for them. I could not let them remain in the naked state they were in when we came here, while it was in my power to help it. The first week after our arrival we got a dozen clothed, as some frocks, which Miss Anderson (the Bishop's sister) had given me, were ready-made. The next week the same children had their second set of clothes made, and this week the others are being attended to. M'Cleod's wife, who is an Indian, works fast; and when the children had their new clothing, she washed them and cut their hair.

"It is a *great pleasure* to help them, but I greatly long to be able to speak to them in their own language, and tell them more fully of the love of Jesus. Although they are young, they are not too young to be made lambs in His fold: though ignorant, they are not too ignorant to be taught of the Spirit and led to

believe on Jesus. Will you not pray that God's Holy Spirit may indeed work in the midst of us, and that many may be savingly converted?

"There have been some marriages and some baptisms since we came. A little baby, that has long been ill, died this morning. The parents sent it to the school-room, as the Indians do not like to have a dead body near them; so there is no school to-day. It is the baby that was saved last winter with its father and mother, as was mentioned in Mr. Hunt's letter to the Committee.* May this event be of use to some here! The Indians are particularly fond of their children.

"We have made some raspberry jam, and preserved some suska, a fruit we never met with till we saw it here. The women go out and gather the fruit, and we pay them for it. They generally subsist on fruit during the season. The fish is remarkably good, and caught every morning and evening. How gracious is God, in these far-off parts where there are no shops, to provide for His people's wants as it were from His very own loving hand! If we want anything more than fish or fruit, or what we brought with us (bacon, ham, peas, flour, &c.), we send a man to kill a duck or a goose, or even to go out to hunt for us, and when he kills a moose-deer we pay him the fixed price for it. Everything is paid for in goods, for which purpose we brought supplies of blankets, knives, cotton handkerchiefs, belts, tobacco, shawls, shirts, cloth, &c.

"On the Sunday we have prayers and lecture early; morning service begins at eleven o'clock; school at three o'clock. Mr. Hunt, Sabina, Mr. and Mrs. Settee, and myself teach. After school, Mr. Hunt addresses the children, and prays. There is also singing before and after school. Evening service at six o'clock, chiefly in English, as the morning service is in Cree.

"It is indeed pleasant work to be thus engaged; but how dead all would be without God's Spirit breathing upon us! Oh, that dead sinners may be converted, and living souls strengthened! The anxious inquiry before the Lord is, 'Has He not some among these dear people whom He has ordained to eternal life?' and, 'Will He not graciously send a word to

* Page 202.

such, and manifest them as His own, call them by His grace, and make them His?' 'His people shall be willing in the day of His power.'

"If you were to see only the exterior of our house, you would think, 'What! and do they live there?' But if you could walk in, and especially were you to pass through the large room, and enter our own apartment, your tone would be changed, and you would be *compelled* to think, 'What *comfort*, and, I hope, *happiness*, dwell there!' It is about sixteen feet by twelve; the walls are plastered with mud, but look neat as if coloured drab. There are three small windows, one of which is parchment, but the blind is kept down over it. The other two are glazed, and have also white blinds. We have also mosquito curtains, which look pretty and nice; and several large buffalo-robes cover the floor."*

The following extract from a letter of the same date, from the Rev. R. Hunt, gives a farther insight into the present position of our Missionaries in this distant spot:—

"*Lac la Ronge*,
"*August* 19, 1850.

* * * "There are but few Indians at present here, but, as the winter approaches, we expect many more. We have now twenty individuals entirely dependent on us; among them are six orphans, and a widow with her two children: we hope to be able to support them by fish from the lake. We shall also be frequently obliged to support the Indians who visit the station, and it is, therefore, very important to increase our internal resources. In order to bring the land into cultivation, the heavy, wet clay, and the swampy, mossy ground, must be drained; the stony soil, covered with firs, must be cleared of stumps and stones; sand must be procured from a distance to lighten the clay; the rocky

* We must, however, so far qualify Mrs. Hunt's cheerful view of her present habitation, as to tell our readers that the two rooms of which the house consists are very low and not altogether water-tight!

margin of the lake must contribute its aquatic plants and its superfluous fish for manure; and by these means we hope in time to raise potatoes, oats, and barley, garden herbs, and hardy vegetables. As yet nothing has been planted, except two bushels of potatoes and a few turnips. This work will not only, we hope, supply some of our many wants, and render us by degrees less dependent upon external help, but will afford employment to the Indians.

"At present I am alternately blacksmith, carpenter, and plasterer. Out of doors, I am now in the drain, now at the fence; the axe, the spade, the hoe, and the hammer, are becoming equally familiar to me. Meanwhile the school is not neglected; and I am also engaged in instructing the Indians, and preparing some of them for baptism. In the winter, when all are assembled, I hope to have regular adult classes.

"Mr. and Mrs. Settee have done much and suffered much since their arrival; but if it is decided for us to remain here, the Bishop has promised to send us a carpenter from the Red River next summer, when we hope to have a house built, and we shall all be more comfortable."

In another letter, Mr. Hunt, after speaking of the destitute state of the Indians at Lac la Ronge, says:—

"For these, and others such as these, we want prompt aid, in the shape of articles for clothes. The coming long and cold winter will consume all we brought with us, and we are not certain that we can receive anything that may come out by the ships next May, before July 1852, unless we have an opportunity of sending to Lake Winnipeg some time in September 1851. We shall heartily thank God, and our dear friends who assisted us in 1849, and any others whom God may dispose to clothe our naked people, if they will kindly send to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, by the middle of next May, and any following year, such articles as those mentioned below, for the use of the English-River Mission:—

Blankets, small and large.
Strong warm flannels, white, *red*, or blue.
Stout washing prints.

Woollen shawls.
Stout unbleached calico.
Strong, coarse woollen cloth, for coats, &c. (Stroud's).
Strong striped cotton for men's shirts, blue or pink.
Strong common combs, for use after washing.
Needles, thimbles, and scissors.
Strong pocket-knives.
Fire-steels and gun-flints.
Twine for fishing-nets, Nos. 1, 6, and 10.
Large cod fish-hooks.
Any useful article of clothing for man, woman, or child.

"'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

LONDON:
PRINTED BY G. BARCLAY, CASTLE ST. LEICESTER SQ.

Works Published recently by

JAMES NISBET AND CO.

Lectures on Ecclesiastes. By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. Crown 8vo. 5s. cloth.

A Memoir of the late Rev. W. H. Hewitson, Dirleton. By the Rev. JOHN BAILLIE. Crown 8vo. 5s. cloth.

The Four Witnesses; or, The Gospels harmonized on a New Principle. By Isaac Da Costa, LL.D., Amsterdam. 8vo. 12s. cloth.

Popish Darkness and Millennial Light. The Bloomsbury Prophetical Lectures for 1851. By TWELVE CLERGYMEN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. 12mo. 6s. cloth.

Plain Sermons for all the Sundays and Chief Holydays of the Year. Preached to a Village Congregation. By the Rev. ARTHUR ROBERTS, M.A., Author of "Village Sermons." In Two Volumes. Crown 8vo. 10s. cloth.

The Rainbow in the North; a Short Account of the First Establishment of Christianity in Rupert's Land, by the Church Missionary Society. By Miss TUCKER, Foolscap. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Words to Win Souls; being Sermons Preached A.D. 1650, by Eminent Divines of the Church of England. Revised and Abridged by the Rev. T. S. MILLINGTON. Crown 8vo. 6s. cloth.

Africa Redeemed, and the Means of her Relief illustrated by the Growth and Prospects of the Commonwealth of Liberia. Foolscap. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Night Lamp. A Narrative of the Means by which Spiritual Darkness was dispelled from the Death-bed of Agnes Maxwell Macfarlane. By the Rev. JOHN MACFARLANE, LL.D. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. 5s. cloth.

The Serpent in the Wilderness. By the Rev. William Tate, Author of "Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews." 18mo. 2s. cloth.

A Sevenfold Aspect of Popery. By the Rev. GEORGE FISK, Author of "A Pastor's Memorial." Foolscap. 4s. cloth.

The Morning of Joy; A Sequel to "The Night of Weeping." By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Fifteenth Thousand. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

Heavenly Thoughts for Morning Hours. Selections in Prose and Verse, with Passages from Scripture. With a short Introduction, by Lady CATHARINE LONG. 32mo. 4s. 6d. silk.

A Memoir of Lady Colquhoun, of Luss. By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. Third Edition, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Du Bourg; or, the Mercuriale: an Episode from History on the Points at Issue between the Reformation and the Papacy. By M. A. S. BARBER. Foolscap. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Saved Soul's Work described in Three Discourses. By the Rev. DAVID C. A. AGNEW. 18mo. 1s. cloth limp.

An Examination of the Doctrine of Scripture concerning the Resurrection, the Second Coming of Christ, and the Millennium. By the Rev. WALTER WOOD, A.M., Elie. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

God in Disease; or, Proofs of Design manifested in Morbid Phenomena. By JAMES F. DUNCAN, M.D., Dublin. Foolscap. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Pencillings in Palestine; being Scenes descriptive of the Holy Land and other Countries in the East, written during a Visit in 1850. By the Rev. JOHN ANDERSON, Helensburgh. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

A Memoir of the Rev. Spencer Thornton, A.M. late Vicar of Wendover, Bucks. By the Rev. W. R. FREMANTLE. Crown 8vo. Second Edition, enlarged. 5s. cloth.

Lectures to the Young Men's Christian Association, at Exeter Hall, during the Winter of 1850-51. Foolscap. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Lectures for 1851, delivered before the Church of England Young Men's Society, at Freemason's Hall. Foolscap. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Ellen Mordaunt; or, the effects of True Religion. Foolscap. 5s. cloth.

The Apocalypse interpreted in the Light of the Day of the Lord. By the Rev. JAMES KELLY. Vols. I. and II. 12mo. 6s. each, cloth.

The Church of Christ Portrayed. As to the peculiar Character of its Unity, Ordinances, Visibility, and Spirituality. By the Rev. C. I. YORKE, M.A., Rector of Shenfield. Foolscap 8vo. 4s. cloth.

Ears of the Spiritual Harvest; or, Narratives of Christian Life. Edited by CHARLOTTE D. GREVILLE. Foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Tales and Sketches of Christian Life in different Lands and Ages. Foolscap. 5s. cloth.

The Expository Preacher; or, St. Matthew's Gospel Practically Expounded. By the Rev. CHARLES OVERTON. In Two Vols. Vol. I. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Norman Leslie: a Scottish Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By the Author of "Amy Harrington," &c. Foolscap 8vo. 6s. cloth.

The Flower of Spring; a Call to the Young from the Early Grave of his Eldest Daughter. By JOHN PEMBERTON PLUMTRE, Esq., M.P. Foolscap. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Retrospect; or, a Review of Providential Mercies, with Anecdotes of Various Characters, and an Address to Naval Officers. By the Rev. RICHARD MARKS. Twenty-first Edition. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

Life in Earnest. Six Lectures on Christian Activity and Ardour. By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. Sixtieth Thousand. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

The Children of the Manse. By the Author of "Memoirs of Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan." Foolscap 8vo. 6s. cloth.

The Night of Weeping; or, Words for the Suffering Family of God. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Thirtieth Thousand. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

The Mount of Olives. By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. Fifty-fifth Thousand. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

The Believer's Guide to the Holy Communion. Translated from the French of M. Grandpierre, by the COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

A New and Simple Analysis of the Book of Revelation. With Expository Notes. By DELTA. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. cloth.

Letters, selected from the Correspondence of Miss Helen Plumptre, Author of "Scripture Stories." Second Edition. 12mo. 6s. cloth.

The Word of God, its Importance and Power. By the Hon. and Rev. H. MONTAGU VILLIERS, M.A. 12mo. 6s. cloth.

A Narrative of Iniquities and Barbarities practised at Rome in the Nineteenth Century. By RAFFAELLE CIOCCI. Fifth Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Faithful Friend; or, Two Conversations on Worldly Intercourse and Family Duties. By JOHN P. PLUMPTRE, Esq., M.P. Fifth Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Scripture Reader's Guide to the Devotional Use of the Holy Scriptures. By CAROLINE FRY. Fourteenth Edition. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

The Early Days of Faith and Love; or, the Soul arising to Newness of Life. By M. A. S. BARBER, author of "Redemption in Israel." &c. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Family of Bethany; or, Meditations on the Eleventh Chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. By L. BONNET. Translated by the Rev. HUGH WHITE, Dublin. Twelfth Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

Sermons preached at the Chapels Royal of St. James's and Whitehall. By the Hon. and Rev. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

Ashton Cottage; or, the True Faith. A Sunday Tale. 18mo., with illustrations. 1s. 6d. cloth.

Prophetical Landmarks. Containing Data for helping to determine the Question of Christ's Premillennial Advent. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, Kelso. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

The Dwellings of Jacob; or, Household Ministrations for every Sabbath-day in the Year. By the Rev. JOSEPH BROWN, Dalkeith. Foolscap 8vo. 4s. 6d. cloth.

Derry: a Tale of the Revolution. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. Eleventh Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

A Volume of Lectures. By the Hon. and Rev. LOWTHER BARRINGTON. 12mo. 4s. cloth.

Pool's Annotations on the Bible. In three vols. imperial 8vo. £3 3s. cloth.

Incomplete Conversions; or, "One Thing Thou Lackest." By a PROTESTANT FRENCH MAGISTRATE. Translated from the Original. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

Memoir of Elizabeth Lindsay. By CHARLOTTE D. GREVILLE. With a Recommendatory Preface by the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, F.L.S. Second Edition. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

The Sailor's Hope for Himself and the Nation. By a NAVAL OFFICER. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

Amy Harrington; or, a Sister's Love. By the Author of "The Curate of Linwood." Foolscap 8vo. 6s. cloth.

Israel and the Gentiles. Contributions to the History of the Jews from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Dr. ISAAC DA COSTA, of Amsterdam. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Redemption Drawing Nigh: a Defence of the Premillennial Advent. By the Rev. ANDREW A. BONAR, of Collace. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

The Mountains of the Bible: their Scenes and their Lessons. By the Rev. JOHN M'FARLANE, LL.D. Second Edition. Post 8vo. 6s. cloth.

The Mystery of Providence; or, the Prophetic History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By the Rev. T. R. RIRKS, M.A., Rector of Kelshall, Herts. Foolscap. 6s. cloth.

Memoirs of the Rev. R. C. Whalley, D.D., late Rector of Chelwood. Illustrated by Select Letters and Sermons. By JOHN S. HARFORD, Esq., D.C.L. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.

A Commentary on Leviticus, Expository and Practical. With Critical Notes. By the Rev. ANDREW BONAR. Second Edition. Post 8vo., with Illustrations. 8s. 6d. cloth.

The Young Professor; being the Substance of Eight Lectures delivered to the Candidates for Confirmation, at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, 1846. By the Hon. and Rev. H. MONTAGU VILLIERS, M.A. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

Sorrow and Consolation; or, the Gospel preached under the Cross. From the French of J. H. GRANDPIERRE, D.D. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

A Volume of Plain and Practical Sermons. By the Rev. T. HOWARD, Rector of Ballaugh, Isle of Man. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

The Blessedness of the Righteous. By JOHN HOWE, M.A. A New Edition, Revised. 12mo. 4s. cloth.

Aids to Prophetic Inquiry. By B. W. NEWTON. 12mo. First Series, 3s. 6d.; Second Series, 2s. 6d., cloth limp; Third Series, 4s. cloth.

The Hill of Zion; or, the First and Last Things illustrative of the present Dispensation. By the Rev. THOMAS WATSON, M.A. Foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Song of Solomon, compared with other parts of Scripture. Foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Lord's Supper Explained and Applied. By the Rev. CAPEL MOLYNEUX. Foolscap 8vo. 1s. 6d. cloth limp.

Gospel Seeds; or, a Collection of Unpublished Pieces on the Revealed Truths of the Word of God. By Dr. CÆSAR MALAN. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

The Infant Brothers: Notices of the Lives and Death-beds of Abner and David Brown, two Infant Brothers, who were laid in one grave on the 18th January, 1834. Eighth Thousand, 18mo, 3s.

Innisfail; or, the Irish Scripture-reader. A Narrative of Facts. 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound.

A Discourse on the Evil Character of these our Times; proving them to be the "Perilous Times" of the "Last Days." By the late Rev. EDW. IRVING, A.M. A New Edition. With a Preface by the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Une Nuit dans les Larmes: Consolations adressées aux Enfans de Dieu affligés. Traduit de l'Anglais du Révérend HORATIUS BONAR. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Aunt Anne's History of England on Christian Principles; for the Young. 16mo., with Illustrations. 5s. cloth gilt.

The Decision of Ruth; an Example to the Young, especially to those who come forward as Candidates for Confirmation. By the Rev. GEORGE COLE. 18mo. 1s.

The Physiognomy of Diseases. By GEORGE CORFE, M.D., Resident Medical Officer of the Middlesex Hospital. 4to. 10s. 6d. cloth.

Twelve Sermons on the Liturgy of the Church of England; Plain, Practical, and Experimental. By the Rev. EDWARD WALWYN FOLEY, M.A. Second Edition. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.

The Coming of the Lord to Judge the Earth, Doctrinally and Practically Considered. By the Rev. EDWARD GILLSON, B.A., Bath. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Protestant Thoughts in Rhyme. By the Hon. and Rev. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A. Royal 16mo. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. fancy boards.

The Restitution of all Things. By the Rev. W. W. PYM, M.A. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

The Scripture Readers' Guide to the Devotional Use of the Holy Scriptures. By CAROLINE FRY. Sixteenth Edition. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

Popular Objections to the Pre-Millennial Advent and to the Study of Prophetic Scriptures Considered. By GEORGE OGILVY, Esq., of Cove. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 4s. cloth.

Sermons by the Rev. EDWARD LILLINGSTON, M.A., Incumbent of St. George's, Edgbaston, Birmingham. 12mo. 3s. cloth.

The Cottager's Guide to the New Testament; that is, the Life and Doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ plainly set forth. In six vols., 12mo. Cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Volume of Sacred Poetry. By JAMES EDMESTON, Author of "Hymns for the Chamber of Sickness." Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

The Village Rectory; or, Truth in Fiction. By the Rev. R. W. DIBDIN, M.A. Foolscap 8vo. With Illustrations, 5s.

Twenty-two Sermons, with an accompanying Prayer to each, intended for Reading in Families and Sick Rooms. By the Rev. RICHARD MARKS. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

Baskets of Fragments; or, Notes from Sermons preached by the Rev. THOMAS JONES, of Creaton. Edited by Miss PLUMTRE. Seventh Edition. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cloth.

14

WALTON AND MITCHELL, WARDOUR STREET, OXFORD STREET.

co.

ev. W. W.

evotional
LINE FRY.

l Advent
Considered.
nd Edition.

ON, M.A.,
irmingham.

ment; that
esus Christ
Cloth, 3s.

EDMESTON,
Sickness."

on. By the
8vo. With

aying Prayer
ies and Sick
KS. 12mo.

om Sermons
of Creaton.
ion. 12mo.

14

ORD STREET.